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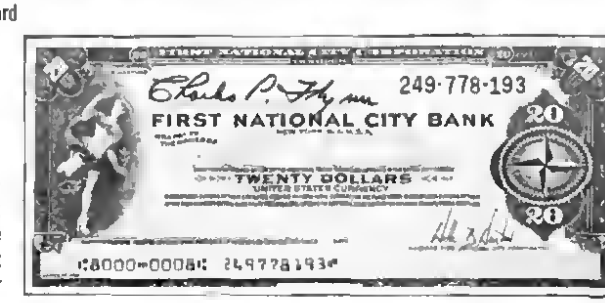
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THE GREENING of Don King has placed him in the center, if not necessarily the heart, of the boxing world. Mark Kram traces the high life and hard times of the flamboyant wheeler-dealer who has become a modern-day Tex Rickard.

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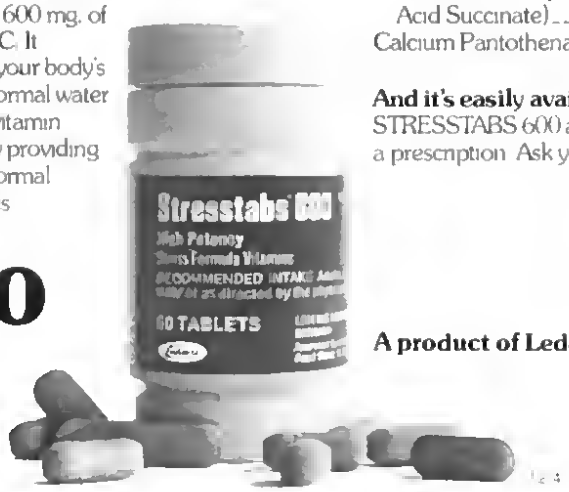
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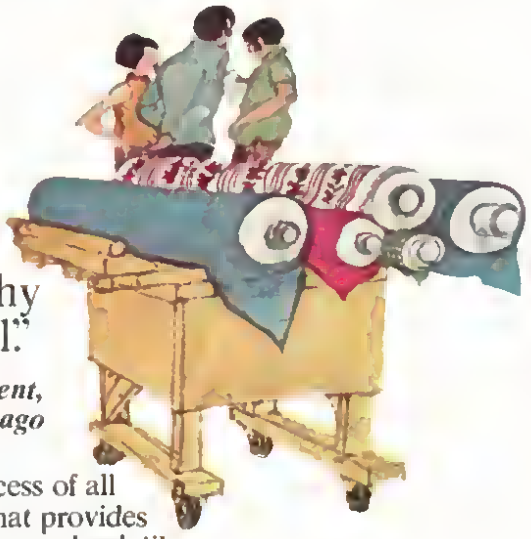
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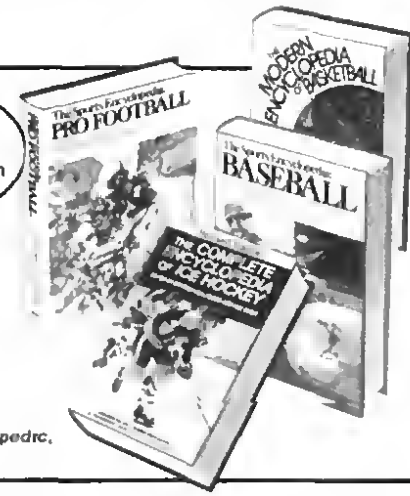
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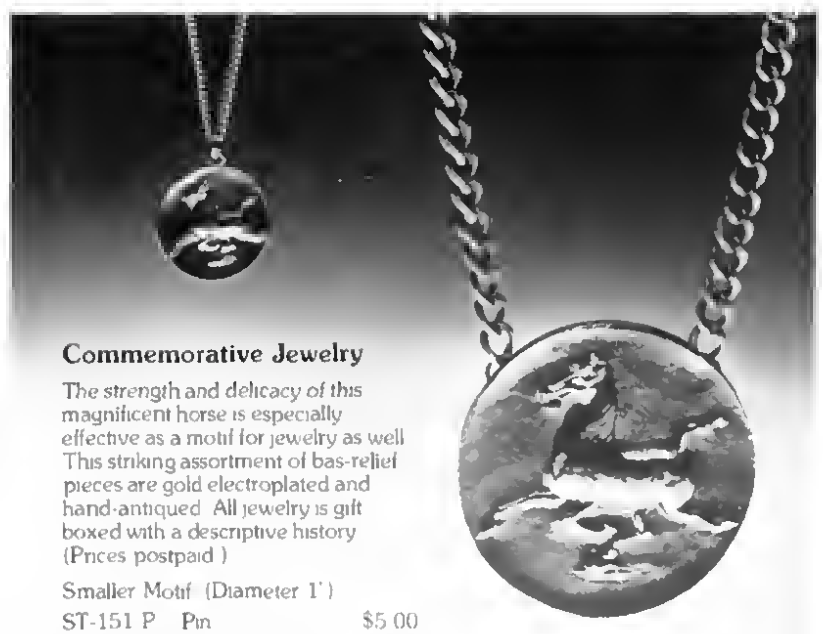
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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

GRAND PRIX SQUEEZE

The costs of motor sports are zooming about as fast as the cars, and are even running right over a few promoters. The latest casualty is the Canadian Grand Prix, which lost its scheduled Sept. 21 race when it was unable to work out money differences with the Formula One Constructors and Entrants Association, the folks who bring you all the cars and drivers. Now there is fear that the disappearance of the Canadian race could set off a reaction that statesmen used to call the domino effect.

Crux of the dispute is the constructors' demand that all the Grand Prix promoters boost purses each year for the next three years, with each race adding a total of $250,000 by 1977. Canada resisted, balking especially at an extra assessment to be shared with the U.S. Grand Prix, which follows the Canadian race and wraps up the season. When Canada hesitated, the association pulled out, thereby canceling the race, perhaps as a warning to other promoters who might have rebellious ideas. This, of course, piles a bigger cost burden on the U.S. Grand Prix, which traditionally split with Canada the expense of flying the men and machines to North America.

Sponsors of the U.S. race don't want to abandon their prestigious event, but at the same time they can barely afford to put it on. Now that Canada is out, the Oct. 5 race at Watkins Glen, N.Y. will be the only Formula 1 event in North America this season. The Glen race, however expensive, is firm for this year, but a long winter of negotiations will follow, involving racing circuits all over the world. And when the racers fire up again in 1976, one can expect more cancellations from hard-pressed tracks. Budget battles are breaking up the old familiar Grand Prix lineup.

CRIMSON TRICKLE

After the University of Alabama filed suit against the NCAA (SCORECARD, Sept. 1), various coaches and members of the press were wondering what effect the action might have on Paul Bryant and his Alabama football team. Charlie McClendon, football coach at LSU, said, "It's been my observation that schools which sue the NCAA usually end up on probation."

"That's what Ole Bear wants," said a cynical sportswriter. "If he's suspended, he won't have to go to any more bowl games." In the past eight years Bryant and his Crimson Tide have had no wins, one tie and seven defeats in postseason games.

IT BOMBED IN MIAMI

Jumping on the old bandwagon, a group called Metro Sports, Ltd. staged a superstars competition in Miami Beach. Called American Supersports, it featured an impressive array of headline athletes, active and retired—among them Mickey Mantle, Willie Mays, Rick Barry, Ben Jipcho, Dave Wottle, Gale Sayers, Dick Butkus and Bob Seagren—who went at each other in a series of events scheduled over five days. There was no TV, but the promoters expected big things at the gate, particularly since the competition was divided into shows, with tickets sold separately for each show.

Instead, it was an absolute bust. After 3½ days, total attendance was barely 3,000, and when only 400 people drifted into the Convention Center to see a Saturday afternoon show, Metro Sports gave up and canceled the final day and a half of competition.

The promoters said they lost $150,000 on the fiasco. This did not gain them much sympathy from the athletes, some of whom were given checks and then advised not to cash them. Several stars had to chip in to pay a $400 hotel food bill for four young karate experts who were also in the show and had assumed the promoters were picking up the tab.

Mantle, who phoned his lawyer about the situation, remained philosophical. "We were kind of having fun," he said. "I was enjoying it. And the check they gave me was for everything they promised. But if it's no good, then it's no good. I guess it's just a memento."

Mays' reaction was a bit stronger. "I thought the idea was a good one," he said, "but it's pretty obvious they should have some money behind them before they attempt a project like this. I'm not going to let them off the hook. That's what I have a lawyer for. If you let it go, then you'll have another group come along and do the same thing."

SEA CHANGE

A retired sailing buff named Taylor Adams is fascinated by nautical terms, those having to do with sailing ships, their gear and structure. Some of the terms make ships sound almost human. For instance,



you may not be surprised to learn that a boat can have a waist and ribs and a skin, but Adams points out that it also has a buttock and probably a crotch. There are jaws and a throat, cheeks, an eye, a nose and a whisker, none of these necessarily in or on the head. Most of us know what a hand is on a ship, but what is a heart? Or, for that matter, a foot, a sole, a heel?

Along with human attributes, Adams found a menagerie afloat, possibly first brought aboard by Noah, maybe even two by two. Thus: cat and dog, fox and bear, duck and goose, pig and hog, fly and jackass, monkey and donkey, horse and hounds, swallow and robin, worm and leech—and, bringing up the rear, fish, crab and dolphin, although these three seem a bit obvious.

continued

Anyway, what Adams wants to know is, how many of the anatomical and zoological terms can you old salts identify?

FLOWER POWER

Most of the players on the University of Kentucky football squad had jobs this summer that required hard physical labor. They worked on farms, in construction, building roads, driving trucks. An exception was Cliff Hite, Kentucky's No. 1 quarterback prospect, who had a job in a flower shop.

When the squad gathered for practice, Hite took a lot of heavy ribbing from his teammates, who thought working as a florist was pretty funny. But All-Southeastern Conference Running Back Sonny Collins came to Hite's support. "You don't have to put up with that stuff, Cliff," he said. "Hit 'em with a daisy."

POSITION PAPER

During the contract bickering between National Football League owners and the Players Association, league officials got into a little heavy psychology with their employees. When the Players Association first began acting like an honest-to-God labor union a few years ago, the owners reacted with indignation and resentment, as though there were something indecent about pro athletes talking of negotiations and strikes. This year, however, the owners switched to an almost sardonic insistence that the Players Association function as a union all the way. They even suggested rigid pay scales for various job categories (center, for example, or running back).

The pay-scale idea has not been formally submitted and has not even been made public, but here is how it's supposed to go. Rookies would be paid as follows: quarterbacks, $25,000; receivers, defensive linemen and middle linebackers, $20,000; centers and running backs, $19,000; guards, tackles and outside linebackers, $18,000; defensive backs, $16,000. Raises would depend on seniority, not individual skill. Thus, after four years all running backs would get $26,000, all defensive backs $22,000. Maximum salaries would be $125,000 for quarterbacks, $50,000 for running backs, $40,000 for defensive backs.

The ramifications are fascinating to contemplate. Imagine trying to persuade a college quarterback (Jack Mildren, say) to switch to defensive back (which Mildren was until he quit the pros this year). The disparity in salaries might lead to a wildcat strike by cornerbacks and safeties, who could set up a row of pickets along the 30-yard line with signs saying UNFAIR. Then the question would be, will wide receivers coming downfield honor the picket line?

TEXAS STYLE

When bird watchers in Arizona and New Mexico listen to the call of the southwestern bird known as the Inca Dove, most agree that its mournful two-note coo sounds like, "No hope, no hope, no hope. . . ." At least, that's the way Roger Tory Peterson and all the local bird books describe it.

In neighboring Texas, however, the call is described differently, perhaps because the Lone Star State is filled with sports nuts. According to the recently published *The Bird Life of Texas*, what the Inca Dove is really saying is, "Ball two, ball two, ball two. . . ."

HAR-TRU IT IS

Beyond everything else, what tennis fans talked most about at Forest Hills during the first days of the U.S. Open was the new surface. Gone were the traditional grass courts and in their place a gray-green, claylike material called Har-Tru. Sentimentalists mourned the passing of the green, and players whose serve-and-volley style works better on grass cursed a bit. Nonetheless, Har-Tru seemed here to stay.

It looks like clay but is not. Basically, it is crushed greenstone from the Catoctin Mountains of Maryland, where it was originally quarried for use on asphalt shingles. As the greenstone was ground down to size, two piles of waste—one of rock dust, the other of granules too small for shingles—arose. Eventually, the waste was pressed into use for tennis courts and worked out just fine. The Har-Tru surface dries out more quickly than clay, and in fact requires frequent watering to keep it from turning into a minor dust bowl. Moreover, the bounce is true—which explains the "Tru" in the name; the "Har" is for H. A. Robinson, who helped develop it. The only thing wrong with it, really, is that it isn't as pretty as grass.

THE HOLE TRUTH

Gordie Howe, the hockey star, played a round of golf this summer with President Ford. On one green Howe conceded Ford a two-foot putt. The President declined, tapped the ball—and missed. He added the extra stroke to his score.

"We're not counting that one," Howe protested.

The President indicated the press corps and Secret Service men who were watching the match. "Maybe you're not," he said, "but they are."

PENULTIMATE PUNISHMENT

It should be clearly understood that responsibility for this item lies with a public-relations firm that has been trying to make New Orleans' vast new Superdome seem human. Old complaints about the Superdome's cost and new gripes about the noise emanating from the giant six-screen TV set that hangs from the ceiling are to be set aside for a moment while, according to the P.R. quipsters, football fans dining in one of the Superdome's super restaurants study their super menus. What they can have—forget the debt! forget the TV!—is the following:

Orange Juice Simpson
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Offside of Beef Casserole-out
Hungarian Field Goalash
Green Bay Crackers Punternickel Bread
Boston Patriots Cream Pie
Chicago Pears
Denver Broncoca Cola

Or would you rather watch the Saints?

THEY SAID IT

- Robin Roberts, former major league pitching star, who disapproves of high-pressure Little League: "Baseball at that age should be a softball thrown underhand where you can hit 15 times a game with no walks and no strikeouts. The score should be 42–38."
- Gary Marangi, Buffalo Bills backup quarterback, on Cincinnati Bengals rookie Tackle Al Krevis, an old college teammate: "Al is progressing fast. He holds like a veteran."
- Guillermo Vilas, tennis ace, on wheeler-dealers: "They come to me and say, 'Do you want to make a movie?' I say, 'Which movie?' They say, 'We don't know. We'll find something.' That's the kind of thing I don't like. Maybe if they needed someone to play a left-handed tennis player, I would consider the role." **END**

For him it's another day, another heart attack.

Harvey is the very model of a heart patient.

A manikin full of the recognizable signs and symptoms of heart disease

If you were a student doctor, you'd recognize something else about Harvey

In some ways, he's even better than a live patient to study

With a twist of a dial he can be programmed to reproduce any one of a number of common (and not so common) heart diseases

Which lets a student doctor get experience relating one finding to another — on more kinds of heart disease than many doctors come across in a lifetime.

Doctors at the University of Miami Medical School developed this experimental manikin. The people at ITT designed its complex solid-state circuitry

Now others are being built, with the same ITT circuitry, to help train tomorrow's doctors

When you consider that heart disease is the nation's Number One killer, you can see one thing more about Harvey.

He has quite a future

The best ideas are the ideas that help people. ITT



Sports Illustrated
SEPTEMBER 8, 1975

THE A'S GO ON RELIEF

They may go fitfully at times, true, but with a staunch trio of bullpen pitchers the world champions are grousing toward another title. And lo, last week their ministerial manager violated a thou-shalt-not **by RON FIMRITE**

It was one of those occasions that cried out for leadership. The Oakland A's had been playing poorly and their once-formidable advantage in the American League West had diminished, if not alarmingly, at least annoyingly. It was time for Third Baseman Sal Bando to exercise his prerogative as team captain.

"When we were 10½ games ahead," said Bando, addressing key personnel, "I was hitting .200. Now we're only 5½ games ahead and I'm still hitting .200." He paused to let this declaration of his own depressing consistency sink in. "So don't blame me."

As of last weekend Bando, alas, was still hitting .200—or not quite his weight—and the A's were playing so-so ball again, splitting six games with the Yankees and Red Sox. But they were still in first place by 7½ games. In all likelihood they would still be in first place if Bando were hitting .100 and Woody Allen were their shortstop, such is their tenacity, their imperviousness to hard times. Few teams in any sport are less discomfited by adversity, undoubtedly because the A's have had so much of it. For one thing, they are persistently bedeviled by an owner who might charitably be described as eccentric. The latest burden he has imposed on his troops is a travel schedule that would challenge the resources of a Presidential candidate. Finley—for that is the man's name, Charles O. Finley—has concluded that precious pennies may be saved by transporting his team around the American League aboard regularly scheduled commercial airplanes. Chartered flights, which leave at the team's convenience, are in Finley's view an extravagance that can be afforded only by owners who are either better fixed than he or solicitous of their employees' well-being to the point of idiocy.

The result has been that the A's have been confronted with some tricky situations. Twice they have flown into cities on the day of doubleheaders, once arriving at the airport less than three hours before the first game. They finished a night game in Texas at 10:30 p.m. recently, then waited until 1:30 a.m. to catch a flight to San Francisco. Since most of the A's live on the other side of the Bay, many did not retire until well past three in the morning Pacific time, or five in the morning Texas time. They played the Red Sox that night, bleary from lack of sleep and jet lag. On another occasion they played a game with Detroit in Oakland on a Wednesday afternoon and did not leave until the next morning for a game that night with Milwaukee. If the A's have appeared sluggish of late—and they have—their travel arrangements are at least partly to blame. "I sometimes wonder," said Reggie Jackson last week, "if this is a championship season or an endurance test."

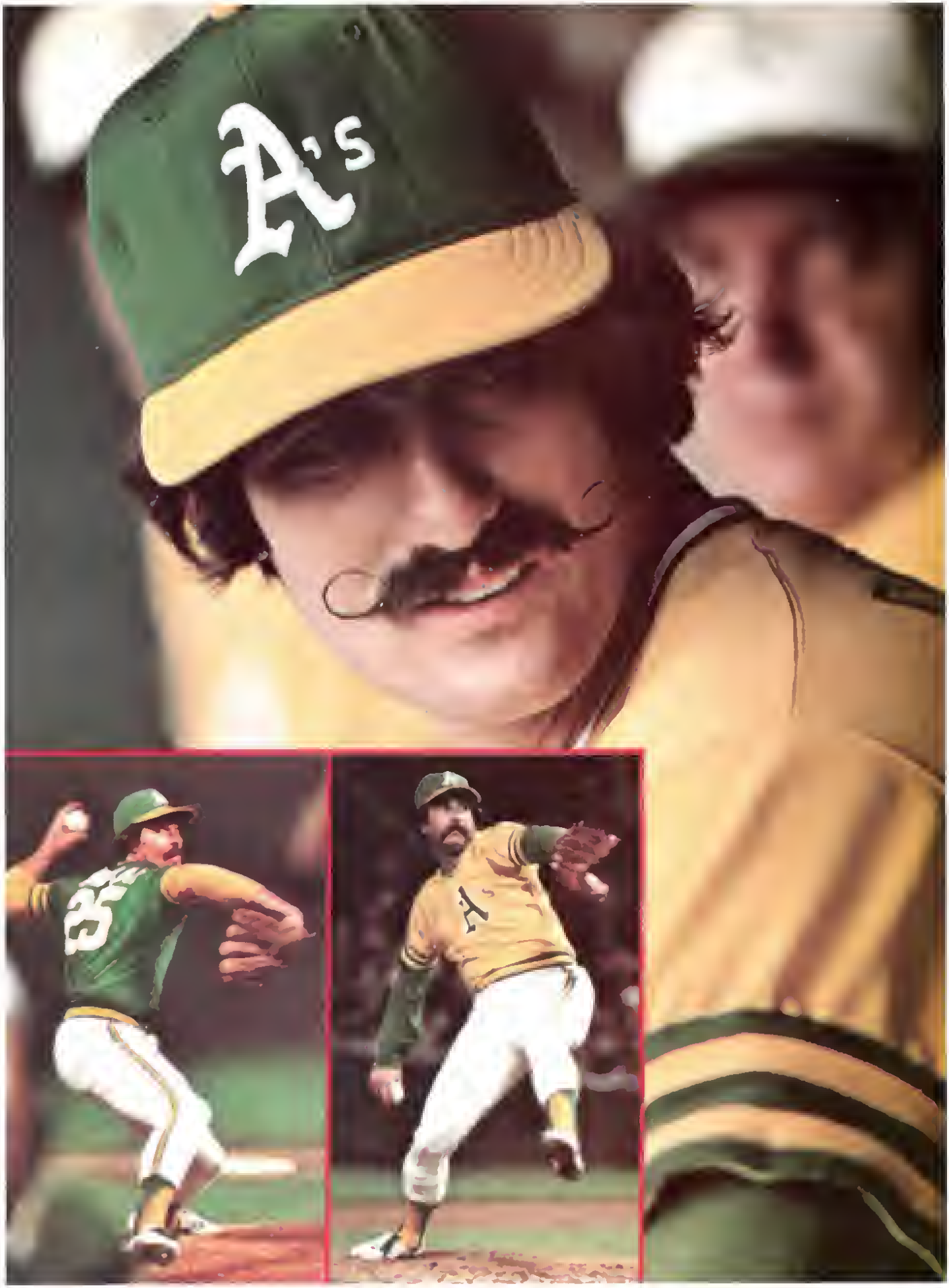
Finley's already minuscule front-office staff was reduced to a couple of relatives and the cleaning woman early last month when John Claiborne, director of minor-league operations, resigned in the usual huff. Finley, said Claiborne, has jeopardized the team's future by trading away minor-league prospects for experienced utility players during the annual pennant drives. It is a shortsighted policy, said he, speaking like a conservationist forecasting the depletion of natural resources, that will bring the three-time world champions to ruin. Nonsense, replied Finley in the manner of an oil baron, "Prospects are a dime a dozen."

But the future does not concern the current A's so much as the troubled present. Their stars, practically all of whom were developed in the farm system, are struggling in a variety of ways. Bando has not been hitting, and Jackson, by his own admission, is a bit pooped. Neither will consent to a rest, fearing that by doing so they will provide Finley, in whose doghouse they jointly reside, with the opportunity to crow, "I told you so."

"Maybe I'm not hitting," says Bando, "because I'm trying too hard to make Finley eat his words," the words being the deprecatory ones the owner used to describe his captain during preseason salary arbitration (lost by Bando). "I'm willing to drive myself to exhaustion,"

continued

The A's welfare hinges on the tireless arms of right-handed Rollie Fingers, Paul Lindblad (lefty, at left) and Jim Todd (righty, right).


A's



The day after victory No. 4 over the A's, Catfish hooks up with Jackson, Lindblad and Rudi.

says Jackson, "because I know he's ready to crack the whip on me."

Bando will probably emerge from his slump soon, and a couple of taters—Jacksonese for home runs—will undoubtedly revive Reggie. Indeed, Bando had the game-winning hit on Saturday and Jackson provided it on Sunday, an 8–6 A's win in which he drove in five runs. But Joe Rudi and Campy Campaneris, the team's steadiest regulars, were out of action for all or most of last week. Campaneris had a pulled groin muscle. Rudi tore ligaments between his left thumb and forefinger not long ago while checking his swing, a freakish accident all too representative of this unusual season. Earlier in the year Claudell Washington suffered a recurrence of fainting spells that have plagued him since he was 16. Hospital tests disclosed that he was an extraordinarily healthy young man given, unaccountably, to the vapors. "They don't know what caused them," says Washington.

Not the least of the A's problems is the absence of Catfish Hunter, the result of another well-publicized Finley venture into penny pinching. This loss was brought home forcefully early last week when the Catfish trounced his former teammates for the fourth consecutive time. Cumulatively the champions have scored but three runs and hit but 16 singles off their old chum in 36 innings. If by some miracle the A's should actually lose in the AL West to their laggardly pursuers in Kansas City, Hunter may well be the cause. Oh irony of ironies!

And yet the A's have contrived somehow to compensate for this considerable handicap. On the last day of spring training Finley added to his roster one Jim Todd, a pitcher who labored in the Cubs' farm system for five years before reaching the big leagues last season. A player with such undistinguished credentials would seem an unlikely substitute for one apparently destined for the Hall of Fame. But Todd gives the A's a commodity they sorely required—a third capable reliever to join two of the best, Rollie Fingers and Paul Lindblad.

The A's have two excellent starters in lefthanders Vida Blue and Ken Holtzman, and a number of lesser lights named Bahnsen (Stan), Bosman (Dick), Abbott (Glenn) and Siebert (Sonny) to complete what passes for a starting rotation. Blue and Holtzman can go the distance when Manager Alvin Dark permits them; they have 21 of the team's 31 complete games. The other fellows seemingly cannot. That is where—usually about the sixth inning—Fingers, Lindblad and Todd come in. In Friday's 6–1 loss to the Red Sox, for example, Bahnsen lasted but two inglorious innings. Lindblad went four and Todd and Fingers one each. The latter two were in merely for the exercise. Much more frequently they are game savers.

On Wednesday Fingers entered in relief of Blue in the ninth inning with one out and two men on and the A's leading 3–2. He promptly struck out the dangerous Bobby Bonds, mesmerizing him with two straight fastballs. Bonds had been anticipating curves. Then Fingers induced Sandy Alomar to fly to center field to conclude the game. It was Rollie's 59th appearance of the season and his 18th save. Friday night he showed up for the 60th time, Lindblad for the 54th and Todd for the 48th. Todd and Fingers were back again on Saturday in a victory that fairly typified their season. After Abbott gave up five runs in an inning and two-thirds, Todd pitched 6⅓ nearly flawless innings, allowing but one run in a game the A's eventually won in the 10th inning 7–6. Fingers pitched the final two scoreless innings, getting his ninth win against six defeats. On Sunday he won his 10th. Lindblad has won eight, lost nary a one and has six saves; Todd is 5-3 with 10 saves. All three have now pitched in more than 100 innings. Without Todd, though, Fingers and Lindblad would be grossly overworked.

"When I heard we lost Catfish I saw me pitching 95 games," says Fingers, who retains his handlebar mustache despite his own joshing threats to shave it off. "Without him, we were losing about 25 complete games. Todd has been the key. He's given Paul and me a big break."

"We wouldn't be where we are now without the bullpen," says Catcher Gene Tenace. "Rollie may be the best reliever in either league and Paul is certainly one of the best. I'd never seen Todd before, but he has done what we've asked him to do. He's stepped right in."

Todd is a rangy man with a proper A's mustache. His amiable manner and a slightly high-pitched voice belie what has become an ominous presence on the mound. Todd is not afraid to intimidate a hitter, and when he beaned the Angels' Bruce Bochte earlier this season an uncommonly fierce brawl ensued. When the A's acquired him from the Cubs for a minor league player—pity poor Claiborne—and cash, Todd expected to be placed immediately on the roster. Instead he was advised that 1) he was being sent

to the Tucson farm club and 2) he must pitch that very day in an A's intrasquad game. At first he was inclined to reject both propositions and enter a vigorous protest with the owner. Then he had a sobering thought: "Finley is the kind of guy you can get off on the wrong side of. I decided to pitch." He did well in the intrasquad match and pitched a shutout in an opening-day start for Tucson. By April 17 he was in the A's bullpen. He knows why he is there. "If Catfish were here," he says, "I wouldn't be."

With Todd the A's cope even better with misfortune. Coping is what they do best. In the game Fingers saved on Wednesday the winning run was scored by Matt (the Scat) Alexander, Finley's surviving designated runner. This is a position Finley more or less invented, although only a team as rich in talent as the A's can afford the luxury. At one time this year the A's had not one but three runners. Herb Washington, the incumbent last season, was released and Don Hopkins was farmed out. Hopkins reportedly is now on his way back. Finley shamelessly gloats when a runner wins a game. And that is what Alexander did Wednesday. With the score 2–2 in the top of the ninth, Designated Hitter Billy Williams led off with a single. The Scat ran for him. He stole second on Doc Medich's second pitch to Tenace and scurried to third when Yankee Catcher Thurman Munson's hasty throw went into the outfield. Tenace then lofted a fly ball to right field that traveled perhaps 230 feet. Somewhat to his surprise the Scat heard Third Base Coach Bobby Winkles instruct him to "tag up and go hard." He did, sliding in for the winning run.

"I won't even say I'm the fastest on this team," said the Scat, a sad-eyed young man who, like Todd, knows his place. "We got some really fast guys here."

Speed also contributed to the 10-inning 7–6 thriller in damp and cold Fenway Park Saturday night. With two outs in the 10th Claudell Washington walked, stole second and scored the winning run on a suddenly revived Bando's single to right field. It was the A's first win in five tries in Boston this year, and it served, as Centerfielder Billy North so eloquently put it, to "psychologically enlighten" the Red Sox, the A's probable opponents in the playoffs.

The A's were in for some psychological enlightenment of their own when their ordinarily meek and pious manager behaved as crazily as any of them while protesting Umpire Rich Garcia's decision that Boston's Jim Rice had stolen second base in the ninth inning. Dark, the devout Baptist, raised such holy heaven with Garcia that the umpire ejected him from the game. On his return to the dugout Dark unexpectedly reached down and snatched up third base, carried it to the stands and pitched it into the box seats as umpires, players and fans alike watched in paralyzed astonishment. Rice had stolen second; now Dark had quite literally stolen third. At first his players were stunned by their ministerial manager's larceny—does not the Bible say, "Thou shalt not steal"? Then they cheered him.

"We came to life after he did that," said Bando, who certainly did come to life. "It was like a pep talk at halftime."

The A's make much of their longing to be recognized as champions in the dignified tradition of the old Yankees. The "clubhouse capers," as Jackson calls them, serve only to detract from the image of respectability they supposedly seek. In truth they rather like themselves for what they are, and in that one bizarre moment, at least, Dark, the accused Finley flunky, the goody-two-shoes, the conservative among radicals, became, perhaps for the first time, one of them.

Sitting in quiet amusement by his locker, North entreated visitors not to regard the A's as zanies. "Why, we may be the sanest team in baseball," he said with apparent sincerity. Then he laughed hard at such a crazy notion. **END**





Protesting a Boston base theft, Dark steals third, then chucks it.



YOU CAN'T OVERHEAT A GOOD BONEFISH

Stanley Dancer's colt was put on the Hambletonian griddle four times before he proved himself to be a rare sort of trotter

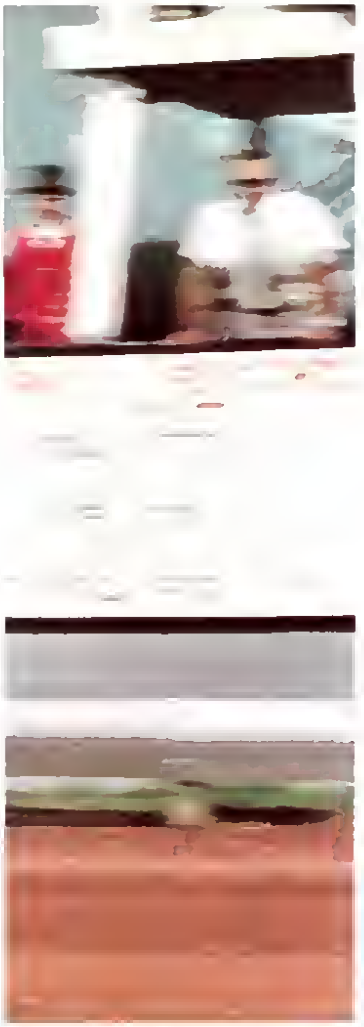
by BARRY McDERMOTT

The two horses raced in twisting tandem down the stretch, rocking with the motion peculiar to trotters, their muscles rippling and highlighted by the lowering sun. Side by side they went over the final 100 yards, nostrils flared as their hoofs pulled divots from the soft track. The drivers hunched forward in their sulkies—hard, gritty men, one a famous veteran accustomed to the rich touch of silk, the other a rank interloper reaching out from here to there. Their whips cracked over the roar of the crowd as they looked for one more strong thrust, one more inch, the fraction of victory.

Such were the final improbable seconds last Saturday afternoon of the 50th Hambletonian, a race worth $232,192 and immeasurable prestige in harness racing. The two horses, Bonefish, the favorite, and Yankee Bambino, the outsider, were racing for the fourth time that day, the survivors—together with Noble Rogue, another outsider out of contention now—of three earlier heats on the mile track. Only four times before had four heats been needed to settle a Hambletonian. And, as a fillip, the greatest show in trotting was being seen for the first time live on national television.

The Hambo is held at the fairgrounds on the outskirts of Du Quoin, Ill., a town sentimentalists picture as being peopled by laconic folk in dusty overalls, sprawled on porches, picking their teeth with straw. In truth, no grass grows on Main Street, although the surrounding countryside is heavy with the smell of hay, the rasp of crickets and billboards advertising fertilizer and feed grain.

Most Hambo visitors stay in nearby Carbondale, a college town you reach by flying from St. Louis on a commuter airline that employs short stewardesses because tall ones cannot stand up straight in the small planes. In Carbondale it is impossible to make a telephone call from your motel room. One prerace topic of conversation around the paddock was that the motel at which last year's winning driver, Billy Haughton, was staying was so delighted with his presence that it put his name up on the marquee. Vet-



PHOTOGRAPH BY HEINZ KLUETMEIER

A photo finish showed Bonefish, inside, the nose winner over outsider Yankee Bambino

eran Driver Del Miller maintained that Haughton was there because the motel was painted in Haughton's stable colors of green and white. "Billy's not cheap," said Miller.

This was the first year for pari-mutuel betting at the Hambletonian, and the local newspaper ran a series of articles explaining the nuances of the daily double and how the computers figure win, place and show money. For the most part, though, the locals stayed away from the ticket windows, much in the cautious manner of those who boycotted expressways when they first opened, wanting first to see if they were safe. On Thursday a man astounded a mutuel clerk by making a $4,000 show bet in the second race. Track officials were disconcerted. The man wore a flashy yellow suit (cause for suspicion), smoked a cigar and had an accent (cause for alarm). "He's from Brooklyn, I betcha," said one. Ted Bailey, a businessman from Lancaster, Ohio, patiently explained to track security people that he frequently bet heavily on the big favorite. He had been following Nero, the season's best 3-year-old pacer, he said, putting down $20,000 on him to show each time he raced, and so far he had not lost.

So rich is the Hambletonian in sentiment and prestige that occasionally a horse is entered (at $2,410 a pop) that might be more comfortable pulling a vegetable cart. And though the field for this year's race was judged well above average, there were a couple of long shots. One was Noble Rogue, who had a history of ailments, including sore feet. Another was Yankee Bambino, who was bred by old Yankee star Charlie Keller and named for Babe Ruth. There were really long shots, too, such as Jubilee Triton, a 50-1 pick, with only seven wins in two years of racing against light competition. He was owned by Dr. William Griffin, a surgeon from Kickapoo, Ill., a town of 198 people. Dr. Griffin was steadfast in his belief that Jubilee Triton had a chance. "If we're in the top five at the head of the stretch," he said, "they better watch out because he's got a motor in him."

There was precedent for an upset, but generally only the favorites have any chance in the Hambo because of its formidable format. The winner has to win two heats. If after three heats no horse has won twice, the three winners go into a race-off.

Bonefish was the prerace favorite, and Stanley Dancer insisted that the horse could be his best ever, though there were some who believed that stablemate Sure-fire Hanover was a more consistent horse and better suited to the rigors of the Hambo.

In the first heat, Bonefish left from the ninth post, was pushed hard to take the lead at the quarter pole but then went limp at the head of the stretch, and Yankee Bambino charged from behind to win in 1:59 and pay $75.40. Bonefish finished a pulled-back ninth, and Dancer was dejected.

Yankee Bambino was driven by Walter Ross, who mostly practices his craft on New England tracks. This was his first try at the Hambletonian, and compared to the slick, spit-and-polish image of the other drivers, he was almost shabby in faded racing silks, scuffed boots and a worn-and-weathered helmet. "I got all that nice stuff in my suitcase," said Ross, "but I got to thinking at the barn this morning, and thought I'd dress as I would for any other race and put on the old working clothes for luck." Ross bought Yankee Bambino for $8,700 as a yearling for Philip and Mary Roux of Laconia, N.H., the operators of a resort hotel. Mary Roux, a polio victim, was sitting on the rail at Du Quoin in a wheelchair, and her hands shook with excitement as she spoke with reporters.

In heat two, Bonefish came from far back to finish second to the tenderfooted Noble Rogue in 1:59⅗. Dancer's horse might have won the heat, but he lost almost two lengths when he swerved on the backstretch to avoid a careening Meadow Bright, who went momentarily out of control after a stirrup broke. Yankee Bambino was fourth, only a length back.

Four horses scratched in the third heat. Even if one of them were to win, their trainers were not sure they would want them to return for the fourth heat. "It might hurt a horse so that he'd never be any good the rest of his career," said Billy Haughton, who took Glasgow out of the heat. Starting from a good post position for the first time, Bonefish breezed in the third heat, winning comfortably in 2:00⅗. A tired Noble Rogue broke early when the starting car inexplicably slowed, an event that caused Del Miller's Songflori to almost bang his nose on the gate. Yankee Bambino finished third. "I'm pooped," said Ross. "My colt's never been two heats before, much less four."

But Bonefish, Yankee Bambino and Noble Rogue had to come up to the gate for the fourth time in four hours. Noble Rogue took the lead at the start. Bonefish patiently dropped in behind him, and Yankee Bambino followed, Ross waiting for the move he knew Dancer would make. With a quarter of a mile to go, Bonefish eased out and Yankee Bambino came right after him. They both passed the weary Noble Rogue and battled down the stretch, sulky to sulky. Bambino made a marvelous try but couldn't quite get there. At the end, Bonefish's nose was in front.

Later Stanley Dancer said that yes, he still thought his horse was a great one, that he was proud of his comeback and happy with a third Hambletonian title. Walter Ross drove Yankee Bambino back down the track, alone and now forgotten. **END**

. . . BUT NOT IN NOTTINGHAM

In Switzerland last year the U.S. heavyweight eight surprised the rowing world by taking a gold medal. This year, in England, the entire U.S. men's team surprised everyone by not taking any medals at all

by CLIVE GAMMON

It was a bouncy enough send-off for the U.S. heavyweight crew last Saturday. "Grab that gold!" roared an ebullient gentleman in a yellow blazer as the defending champions headed out on an easy paddle up to the starting line of the final of the men's eights, the last and prime event of the World Rowing Championships at Holme Pierrepont near Nottingham, England. "All the way!" added one of the last crew cuts in the West.

Stepping delicately through rain puddles, U.S. Coach Allen Rosenberg (SI, Sept. 1) was already 50 feet away. A nod and pucker of the lips was all he had permitted himself as his crew rowed off. Now he was looking for a quiet vantage point from which to watch the finish of the race alone. "I feel so frustrated watching when I can't help," he had said. "There's a point at which coaches have to stop being competitors. From now on, all I can be is philosophical."

The consolations of philosophy, given yet another failure by the U.S. men, were about all that Rosenberg had left to lean on. Through two nightmare sessions at Holme Pierrepont, from the semifinals on, he had witnessed the virtual destruction of his team. Aside from the eights, who did not have to weather a semifinal, by Saturday only one U.S. crew, the coxed pair, had survived. And it had only qualified on a photo-finish decision for third place. For Rosenberg, Holme Pierrepont had long since stopped being even a pretty name.

A week earlier things had looked much brighter. The men's lightweight team, though competing in races the powerful East Europeans had disdained to enter, picked up a silver and a bronze medal in the eights and in the single sculls. And the women, against the Amazons of Russia and East Germany, had done splendidly. At Lucerne in 1974 only one of the U.S. women's boats had reached the finals. This time, four of six qualified, and the eights was a roaring epic.

The race had been postponed until 6:30 in the evening of a wet and windy Sunday, but with red roses tucked into their rowing shoes the American girls found themselves in Lane Five, which afforded some protection from the crosswind. The East Germans slipped easily into the lead, but the Americans, stroking at 36, held tight in second place. They made their bid near the finish, closed on the G.D.R. and beat up the stroke to 40. It wasn't quite enough. The U.S. finished in 3:16.21, just a nose behind the Germans, for an astonishing second.

Almost a week later, living off their own resources ("some of us eat nuts for dinner") at a university residence hall in Nottingham and bedecked with such English souvenirs as Sherlock Holmes caps and rugby jerseys, the U.S. women were inclined to be a little patronizing about their male teammates. "Now all we're doing is praying we get to Montreal," said Pam Behrens of Ardmore, Pa., stroke of the coxed fours. "We're coming up from nowhere. They are coming down from the top."

They, the men, certainly were. In the semifinals of the double sculls, the U.S. pair was last, more than 15 seconds astern of the winning Norwegians. The coxless pair was last in its semifinal, finishing more than 21 seconds behind the East Germans. In the single sculls, James Dietz, the schoolteacher from the Bronx who had been strongly favored for a medal, failed even to qualify. And there were other failures—in the coxless fours and coxless quadruple sculls. In the whole day's rowing, only the Monster and his teammate placed.

The Monster is what John Mathews, a gangling, 6'4", 205-pound civil engineer from Southington, Conn., amiably invites one to call him. He was teamed with Darrell Vreugdenhil from Seattle in the coxed pairs. At the 1,500-meter mark, 500 meters from the finish, they were lying in fifth place—of six competing boats in the semis, the first three qualify. Ahead of Hungary and trailing the East Germans, the Poles, the Yugoslavs and the Danes, Mathews and Vreugdenhil had started to move 500 meters from home. "I've never dug my oars so deep," Mathews said. "I'm still all pain from the thighs down. When we were coming up to the Yugoslavs, just like it says in the stories, everything went black in front of me. Like that." He pointed down to the tarred road shimmering and melting in the day's heat. In retrospect, a third place in a semifinal, awarded after a photo finish, does not seem a compelling achievement; but as the broadly grinning Mathews walked back to the boathouse, euphoria was like a halo around him.

On Saturday afternoon, though, on a



A happier surprise was the second place of the U.S. women's eight, behind East Germany.

different day, with a mean crosswind in the morning and rain and the promise of thunder, the happiness had gone. In the finals Mathews and Vreugdenhil were able to manage only a fifth. A dejected Monster indicated that it was not his day. He trailed off, only brightening a bit when an East German offered to trade shirts.

It was more than shirts that the rest of the world needed to change with East Germany. Each morning all 55 of them arrived for workouts like a disciplined army—rowers who had been recruited at 12 and trained in more than 100 centers. On finals day they started slowly—for them—with a silver in the coxed fours, won by Russia. Then they had—for them—something of a setback in the double sculls when the Norwegian brothers, Frank and Alf Hansen, second in last year's world championships, barely headed them at the line after trailing for three quarters of the race. But other results came as expected for the East Germans. By the final of the eights, out of seven races they had stacked up four gold medals, two silvers and a bronze.

Amongst the casualties of Saturday morning was Sean Drea, a dark, dour Irishman from County Carlow, now studying in Philadelphia. In the 1974 championships he had had to withdraw because of kidney trouble after appearing to have a lock on the gold. This time, 250 Irish fans had come to watch him in the single sculls, hoping for Ireland's first world rowing champion, but Drea faded in mid-course and came in second to West Germany's Peter-Michael Kolbe. A girl in a dripping yellow slicker embraced Drea tearfully, and a fan consoled him with the nation's special logic: "If you'd won today, you'd be in a more vulnerable position next July in Montreal, now wouldn't you, Sean?"

But for most fans, all these were sideshows. The eights were what they were waiting for, and early that morning Rosenberg had put his thoughts together on the prospects. "It's not like football, where you have a second half to come back," he said. "Here you have no second half. The East Germans are physically awesome. They never seem to have a drop-off, they row evenly all the way. If you take the lead they whittle away at you, they catch you when you're tired.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JULIAN CALDER



And the Russians haven't shown what they've got. They're deceptive devils. They've never won a world title in this event, but they are very determined and sure. And disciplined, which is unlike what we have seen in the past. And the New Zealanders are as fast as hell. The Czechs, too. The Australians? I think we can beat the Australians. They aren't quick starters, though they're strong."

Rosenberg should be a betting man. By race time, or teatime, as they say in Nottingham, the sky had darkened though the north wind had dropped, and Rosenberg had slipped away after what turned out to have been his most noteworthy achievement. As he had named the teams, so they finished.

The magnificent East Germans took the lead at once and held it through the race. "After 200 meters, we commenced to dominate," said Herr Quolke, their coach, adding, more humanly, "I'm sorry. My legs are still shaking." New Zealand had gone forward early, too, but by 1,500 meters had dropped behind the Russians and the Czechs. The U.S. eight was never better than fourth, and in the second half of the race fell back to fifth. As Rosenberg had predicted, though, they beat the Australians. In the finish it was East Germany, with 5:39.01, over Russia, with the New Zealanders getting into third just ahead of the Czechs. America's time was 5:46.62.

Rosenberg walked back slowly. "He didn't expect this," somebody in the U.S. camp muttered. "Nobody did." The U.S.A. would not appear in the medals table for the first time in rowing history.

As the storm that had threatened all day burst over Holme Pierrepont and lightning competed with the fireworks display marking the end of the championships, there were few explanations or plans that Rosenberg could offer. "Our problem for Montreal now is time and training," he said. "I don't know if we have the time. I thought we might have got a place. Third, even second. There's Mexico in a month, the Pan-American Games. That might help. . . ."

For Herr Quolke, the problem was different. Would the same East German eight row at Montreal? "We will have to see," he said, "whether this team or one of the two others that we have prepared will appear." It is the only problem he seems to have. **END**

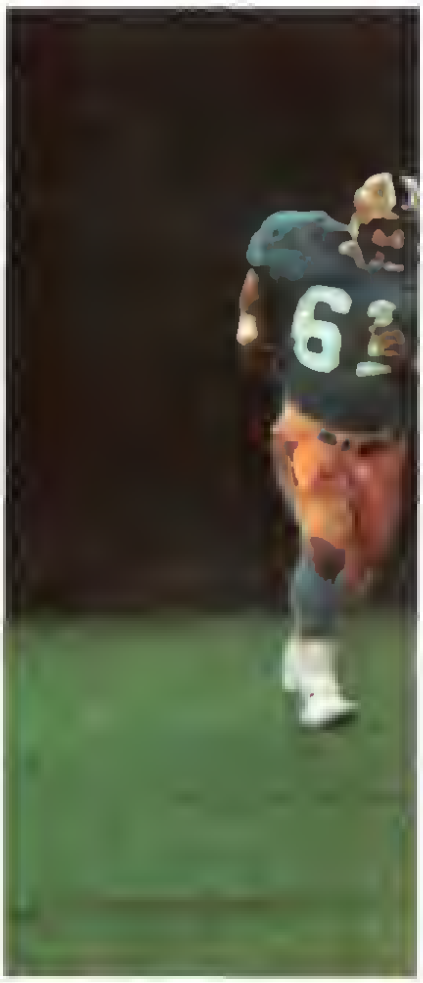


Ex-Trojan Quarterback Pat Haden will play only three more games, then it's off to Oxford.

The new new WFL may be facing some heavy weather, but the forecast for Southern California is promising

by EDWIN SHRAKE

A PLACE ON THE SUN FOR TWO STARS



After the first four games of the season, the World Football League computer was fed every statistic from the size of Larry Csonka's helmet (7½) to the gas mileage Anthony Davis gets on his Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow (about eight mpg). Then the computer was asked which is the best team in the league, all in all. The answer—prepare yourselves for this down there in San Antonio and Memphis—is the Southern California Sun. They could have asked Sun Coach Tom Fears the question six weeks ago, and he would have told them the same thing.

But not even Fears expected the Sun to rush to a 4-1 record and the top of the Western Division the way it has—to a great extent on the play of rookie Quarterback Pat Haden, who didn't even figure to be a starter, and rookie Running Back Anthony Davis, who at 5' 9" and 182 pounds was judged too small to perform as a regular for the New York Jets of the NFL. The first two times Davis touched the ball last Friday night in a wild 58–39 win over the Philadelphia Bell in Anaheim, he threw a left-handed 51-yard touchdown pass and ran 84 yards for another six points on a kickoff return. Haden, the league's leading passer, threw for three Sun touchdowns before he retired in the third quarter. "Frankly, I didn't think we would use Haden much this year," Fears says. "Now I think he's the best rookie quarterback I've seen since Joe Namath."

Haden and Davis are hardly unknowns, starring as they did on television the past few seasons in such heady dramas as the Rose Bowl and the Notre Dame games. They did it a few miles up the freeway from Anaheim, at a place called the University of Southern Cali-



fornia. They now are playing in relative obscurity, the WFL not having a network TV contract and in fact not being overloaded with paying fans thus far. But Haden and Davis are doing for the Sun what they did for USC—helping to produce a winning team with an offense that starts going for touchdowns as soon as the players run out of the tunnel.

Unfortunately, Haden will play only three more games for the Sun this year. At the end of this month, with the WFL schedule half over, Haden reports to Oxford as a Rhodes scholar. (He says that next year he hopes to arrange things so he can play the whole season.) Haden's postgraduate plans were the reason that the Rams waited until the seventh round to draft him, and why Fears considered him as little more than an extra arm on the practice field in training camp. Who wants a quarterback who can play only half a season? You don't need a computer to answer that one. But without Haden, the Sun might now be sinking in the West.

What was supposed to happen, what Fears was counting on, was for Daryle Lamonica, who played on 11 division championship teams at Buffalo and Oakland, to move right in as quarterback. Lamonica lost his starting job at Oakland and played out his option last year, saying he thought the Raiders would have beaten Pittsburgh and gone to the Super Bowl if Oakland Coach John Madden had stayed in the hotel instead of showing up at the game. "We had some great game plans," Lamonica says. "First down you run to the right, second down you run to the left, third down you pass." Lamonica is known for his fondness for throwing long—he has hit 32 touchdowns from 40 or more yards. Never mind that Madden's record at Oakland is 59-18-7 as head coach, Lamonica says Madden still ought to be an assistant. Madden no doubt thought Lamonica ought to be in some town other than Oakland. Anaheim, for example.

Lamonica signed with the WFL last year and watched from a distance as the league appeared to disappear in a typhoon of debts, including unpaid salaries. When the old WFL went bankrupt and the new WFL was organized, Lamonica accepted a salary for this season that is roughly half of what he had been promised. But Lamonica thought he would eat up the WFL. Instead, he was hit so hard in a July exhibition game that he got a bilateral hernia.

That left the Sun quarterbacking to Haden and Mike Ernst, who had previously hung around with Cincinnati and Denver. Despite the handicap of wanting to continue his education, Haden became the man. An English major in college, with a grade-point average that is not ordinarily consistent with blond California athletic heroes, Haden astonished the Sun coaches by understanding what they were talking about almost at once, even if the coaches themselves weren't sure what they meant. "In the first three days of camp we gave him 70 plays and he memorized them immediately," says Babe Dimancheff, offensive coordinator of the Sun. "I gave all our quarterbacks an exam where they had to

continued

Ex-Trojan Anthony Davis still basks in the limelight, delighted to be running for daylight.



chart not only plays but defenses, too. Out of 60 questions, Haden missed one."

"I've been very lucky," Haden says. "I'm playing at home on a good team with some old friends [including Davis and Receiver John McKay, son of the USC coach, with whom Haden lived for several years] and things have fallen into place. But my priority is my education. After Oxford, I'll sit down and think what I want to do with my life. If football is still fun, I'll keep it up." Haden has been invited to join the rugby team at Oxford and was requested to attend an early rugby training camp in Australia. "But I like my body too much to do that," he says. "Rugby is the kind of punishment a guy like Anthony Davis could take. I'm not afraid to give him the ball 25 or 30 times in a game. He's not only smart and a great player, he's durable."

When people read that the Sun had signed Davis to a five-year contract for a sum reported to be as much as $2.5 million, certain creditors of last year's Sun began to arrive in General Manager Larry Hatfield's office to inquire why their bills could not be paid if there was that sort of money to hand out. "It's hard to explain that this is a different deal from last year," Hatfield says. "To be successful and eventually pay off everybody, we need quality players like Davis, whose salary is highly exaggerated, but most of our creditors understand the situation. I wondered if we would be able to get credit at all this year, and it turns out a lot of people are willing to trust us again."

The fans, though, are still somewhat dubious. At the July exhibition game against Memphis, in which Lamonica was hurt, the Sun sold 14,000 tickets at the box office in the 90 minutes before kickoff. "People were waiting to see if Csonka, Kiick and Warfield would really come to town with Memphis," says Sun Vice-President Don Andersen.

In the tradition of baseball and the old AFL, the Sun has resorted to giveaway nights—15,068 fans paid for tickets last Friday night and were offered chances to win six 10-speed bicycles—but what the Sun needs to attract bigger crowds is more of what Davis and Haden did, not to mention the four touchdown passes Dave Williams, an NFL dropout, caught in the first half. Davis threw one of those passes, making him 5 for 5 in his college and pro career, though later in the evening he threw one incomplete. He also ran for 115 yards from scrimmage, 101 on kickoff returns and gained another 22 yards catching passes.

"I'm tired, man," Davis said, sitting in his locker-room cubicle after the game. "You've got to bite and scratch for every yard. If the NFL is tougher than this, I'd like to see it."

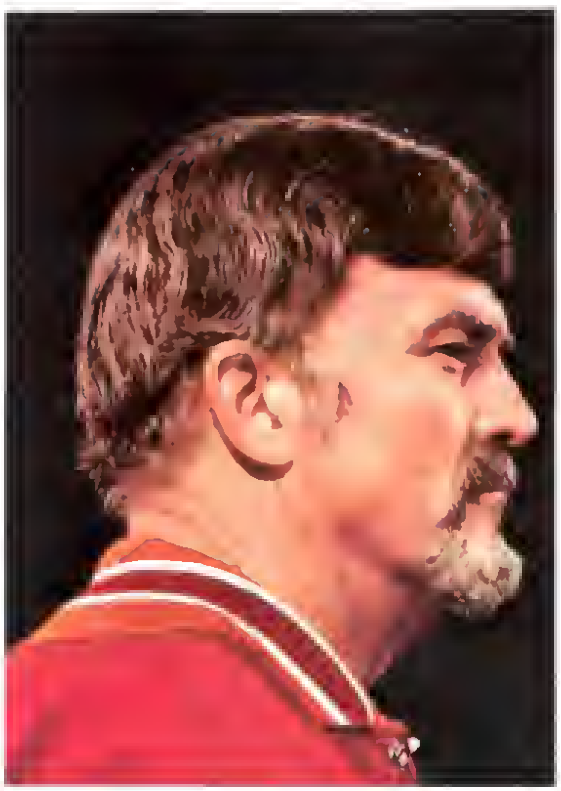
A number of Sun players were strolling around naked, which is the usual costume for showering, when someone noticed that an attractive woman in tight yellow pants was inside the locker room with a TV camera crew. "Hey, she's crazy, get her out of here," one player yelled. Davis smiled. He had studied speech and drama at USC and holds a Screen Actors' Guild card, and a woman in the dressing room is not that uncommon in show business.

Having recovered from his hernia operation, Lamonica was to have played part of the game that night, but he had broken some blood vessels under his right arm and was held out again. "What the team does as a team is what matters," Davis said. Nonetheless, he had wanted his 100-yard game rushing, and he was pleased he had got it.

Davis lives in Villa Park, outside of Anaheim, with his $42,000 Rolls-Royce, his collection of 40 hats and two Doberman pinschers named Sweetness and Scooby. "I hate to say it, but those Dobermans take care of a lot of my business," he said. "I wouldn't want to be a stranger come walking into my yard." Like Haden, who has moved out of the McKay home and into his own apartment, Davis has plans beyond football. He wants to act in movies and do TV sports commentary—like another USC All-America named O. J. Simpson. "One of the kids I grew up with is the son of Buckwheat in *The Little Rascals*," Davis said. "Buckwheat probably never knew it, but he inspired me. I'm going to play football as long as it's fun. If I feel that big claw dragging me down, I'll know it's time to quit and move on to something else. I was offered a lot of acting jobs at USC, but I couldn't take them because I was an amateur. We got hold of the same scripts, anyhow, and did them in class. I didn't miss anything. Playing football at USC, I learned things about myself I never would have known otherwise. One thing I learned is you've got to keep trying to get better every week, or that big claw will get you."

Fears says Davis is the quickest back he has ever seen, not as fast overall as Lenny Moore or Gale Sayers, but quicker for the first few yards, which is often when it matters. Fears also says the Sun is better than the expansion team he coached in its first three years in New Orleans. Fears himself has changed somewhat since those days. A tough, fiercely straightforward man, he was a Hall of Fame pass receiver for the Rams and a blocker who could bury a linebacker. He has done well financially outside of football, owning a restaurant, four condominiums and an avocado ranch. A few years ago, he showed one of his teams a photograph of O. J. Simpson, clean shaven and smiling, and said, "This man is good for football." Then Fears showed the team a photo of Joe Namath wearing a goatee and said, "This is not so good." Now Fears has a black-and-gray goatee and a new hairpiece that make him look like the youngest, baddest 52-year-old man in the world. As a player, he had few peers. As a coach, he would someday like to be regarded as an equal of Vince Lombardi. "But so much depends on luck and circumstance," he says. With the Sun, and a little help from his USC carryovers, Fears might have found them both. **END**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE LONG



Coach Tom Fears has a new image to go with the new league—a hairpiece and a goatee.

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LOOK WHO'S UP AND ABOUT

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

What we are encouraged to feel for college football this fall is pity. We have been reminded by college administrators and ministers of the NCAA that these are indeed hard times, that football programs are not making enough money, that various fiscal wolves are at the door (some in skirts demanding equal time), and please to get your season tickets early so we don't have to turn the stadium over to the Savings and Loan. Pity the administrators.

We are also expected to feel sorry for the coaches, who have been ordered by the NCAA to exist without 30-man staffs and 200-man rosters, and will not be allowed to take three jetloads of players to Blacksburg next month. The players, though fewer in number, will arrive slightly rumpled-looking because they will no longer be getting $15 a month laundry money. Pity the poor coaches and players.

The words "sanity" and "parity" and "economy" have been used a lot in this context. Also some stronger words. The NCAA was sued a couple of times this summer. Alabama's Bear Bryant sued over the new roster limitations (total scholarships cut from 105 to 95, home-team dress-out rosters to 60, road teams to 48). The new limits were



called "cruel" by some coaches. Coaches and administrators argued heatedly and repeatedly over scholarship numbers, the re-division of the NCAA, the best ways to cut the television pie, and so forth.

The root of it all, as any moralist or recently fired football coach knows, is money. The way money is spent, the way it is lost. The need to get in the black (or out of the red). To break even. Breaking Even has become the clarion call of college football. After 105 years in business, the game has come to that. A dollars-and-cents, bottom-line existence. Just like the pros. College football has, at last, become like the pros. Complete with litigation.

In its original ideal form, you will recall, college football wasn't intended to make money. It was intended to contribute to the campus whole, like other worthwhile things. The repertory theater does not make money; the band, glee club and student paper do not make money. Football, despite excesses and occasional scandal, held a unique position. A rallying point it was, and a means to push the school name if only onto the Sunday sports pages. Where college football apparently went wrong was in discovering that it could make a buck. And by doing it.

Wistful reminiscing aside, and dire prophecies made at the NCAA convention in Chicago notwithstanding, how bad off is college football, really? Is it about to go under, as some have predicted? (See the red ink; see it wash over the bow.) Will it bleed to death, as some coaches believe, from cost cuts? Will the big football schools split and form their own version of the NCAA, no holds barred? Will Bear Bryant start his own league? (Alabama I vs. Alabamas II, III, etc.) The answer is "A lot better off than you've been led to believe" to the first, and "No" to all the rest, although who can speak for Bear Bryant?

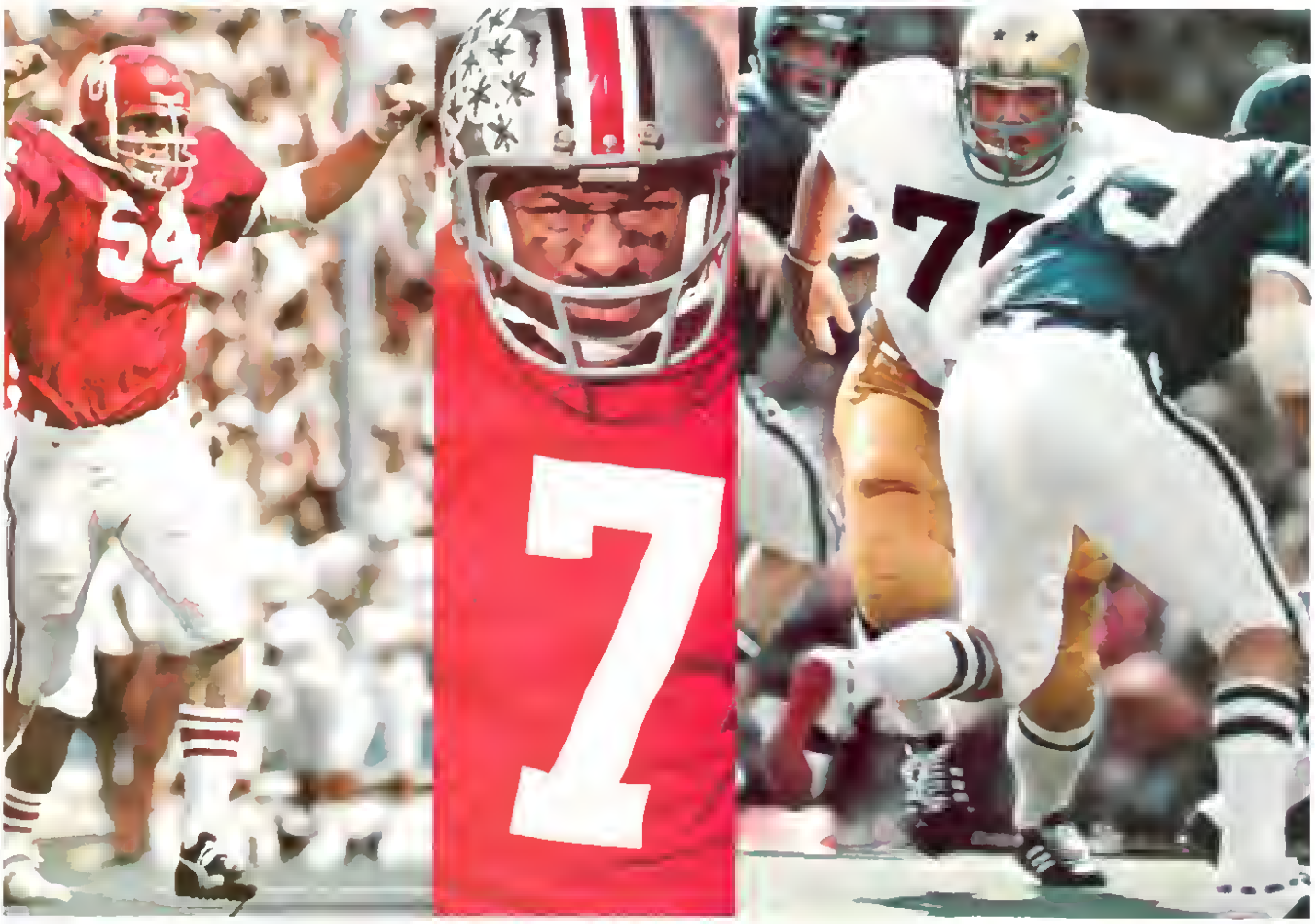
College football—separate from its role as sugar daddy to the rest of the athletic program—is not in poor health. The game itself, technically, is better than ever; superior, in concept and design, to any other kind of organized football. Portions of it are depressed, of course. Portions always are. Much of it staggers under the load of its own budgetary extravagance. Lately it has suffered the heebie-jeebies as well, mostly because of fear of the unknown. (Like what to do about the Title IX equal-cash-for-girls legislation. No profit in that.)

So what about the knowns? After making the rounds of the outpatient clinic, here are a few of the findings:

Q. Which major colleges are about to sacrifice football?

A. None. Dayton, Davidson and Boston University are in trouble and may yet throw in, but they are the only ones in Division I (big football) that seem inclined. On the contrary, there are schools clamoring to be upgraded to Di-

continued



vision I, or which have just been so, including Central Michigan, Northeast Louisiana, Grambling, Ball State, Indiana State and the entire membership of the Ohio Valley and Big Sky conferences.

Q. Is it true that 90% of major college football programs operate in the red?

A. No. With few exceptions, every team in the major conferences—Big Ten, Big Eight, Southeastern and so forth—makes money. The rich, of course, get much richer. Ohio State grossed "about four million" last year and Notre Dame "in excess" of that. The latter cleared about $2 million. USC made so much money that John McKay won't even talk about it, save to say, "It's none of your business." Penn State *netted* almost $1 million; Nebraska *netted* $813,914; Florida *netted* $866,069. And so on.

Q. Do the rich get richer at the expense of the poor?

A. Yes, to an extent, and for that reason there is a need to find means to encourage parity. Means short of the Robin Hood proposal of Long Beach State President Dr. Stephen Horn, who wanted to split all television money 477 ways. Equality of competition is something to strive for. It was the making of the NFL. The proposed "super conference" of 75 schools (the major conferences plus leading independents) would align those with similar goals and problems; the NCAA has indicated a willingness to create such a subdivision. But until the rich see the need for parity, they will continue to make it difficult for the lowly to rise up.

Q. With polarization setting in, is the status irreversibly quo?

A. Apparently not. Pittsburgh, Vanderbilt, Boston College, Georgia Tech and Maryland have made dramatic returns to glory, and to signing deposit slips. Even Mississippi State, a perennial SEC invalid, has had its "greatest seat sales in history" after a 9-3 season.

In 1968 Baylor, following a long sickness, got worse, winning three games and averaging 14,866 fans, lowest in the Southwest Conference in a decade. Orville Henry of the Arkansas *Gazette* wrote the consensus view that Baylor, athletically, "was ready for the last rites."

In 1974 Baylor won the SWC championship for the first time in 50 years, went to the Cotton Bowl (also a first), averaged 40,200 at home and showed a substantial profit. Coach Grant Teaff was named Coach of the Year. Contending again this year, Baylor has had *its* highest preseason ticket sale in history. Promotion Director Catfish Smith says the big executives who used to slip out the back door when he came in the front now roll out the red carpet. "I've never seen so many smiling faces," Catfish says.

Winning is always good medicine for the shorts, but it also "pays to work." Baylor, Teaff and Smith went to work. So did Athletic Director Willis Casey at North Carolina State. In his six years in that capacity the football team has not always won, but it has always made money. The Wolfpack (booster) Club raises more than $1 million a year. The stadium (44,000 capacity), built in 1966, was to be paid for by 2004; it now appears likely that the debt will be retired by 1982.

Q. But these are pretty much big-name football institutions. What about those that have no history of success, no tradition to draw on? Can they cope?

A. Last year Arizona beat Arizona State for the first time in a decade and won more games (nine) than ever. It is now 17-5 in two seasons under Coach Jim Young, who learned at Michigan. It has enlarged its stadium in Tucson to a 58,000 capacity, tops in the Western Athletic Conference. Arizona is coping.

Q. But Arizona is winning. How does the spirit move those who do not win?

A. What do you want, miracles? Southern Illinois has had successive seasons of 3-7-1 and 2-9 but is entering the Missouri Valley Conference next season with a beefed-up schedule and a renovated stadium. Furman and The Citadel operated in the red but are actively promoting their games. The Citadel brought in an outside public-relations agency, and Furman staged a series of special promotions, including a rather breathtaking innovation: a money-back guarantee on season tickets.

Florida State has lost 24 of its last 25 games. Yet it increased home attendance by 8,000 per game in 1974 and balanced the budget. FSU went to work, scheduling night games, bringing in Burt Reynolds, a onetime Seminole halfback, booking local rock groups to thump and bang two hours before kickoff, and so forth.

Q. Is it true that almost any football budget can be cut?

A. Of course. The NCAA's recent cuts, though relatively superficial, will save the colleges $15 million by the estimate of Walter Byers, the NCAA boss. A few breast-beating coaches complained that by not being able to suit up 70 players they will be hard pressed to hold down the score against weak opponents. Well, there are other ways to hold down the score. Off-tackle left, off-tackle right, to name two. Coaches will have to use their imaginations.

Rosters *can* be cut (the NFL has 43 players per). Recruiting limits *can* be enforced. A head coach does not *need* 18 assistants. A team does not *need* a color TV in every dorm room, first-class air travel and every new muscle-building piece of paraphernalia and fitness apparatus in the catalog.

One of the greatest penny-pinchers in athletics is Georgia Athletic Director Joel Eaves. The Bulldogs have never operated in the red since Eaves took over in 1963, though the budget has more than tripled (to about $2 million). Eaves is not above posting Day-Glo orange stickers in athletic-department rest rooms to remind people to turn off the lights. Or to advise them to get off the phone more quickly, or to avoid writing unnecessary letters. "We're not too big," says Eaves, "we're just too wasteful."

Q. But Georgia and the various name schools get those TV windfalls every year. How can those who are blacked out compete?

A. In the first place, TV windfalls are often illusory. Georgia made one TV appearance last year, in the Tangerine Bowl, and the proceeds barely covered expenses. Florida spent most of its Sugar Bowl money on expenses. Florida and Georgia would have been in the black without television. It is true, however, that TV checks have rescued many a treasury over the years. Navy had to lobby hard to keep its game with Army on TV, and thus prevented a year-end financial bath. Two regional telecasts kept Miami afloat. Illinois, Northwestern, Indiana, Kansas and other major-conference members admit that TV splits helped them avoid

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deficits, though they weren't on the tube themselves.

The trouble with TV money is that schools which get it four or five times begin to rely on it. Business Manager John Reed Holley says that "television has been a lifesaver" at Ole Miss, which realizes about $200,000 a year from SEC slices of the various TV pots. "If it weren't for TV we'd almost always be in the red," says Holley.

Well, just up Interstate 55 and west a bit from Ole Miss is Memphis State. Its last—and only—TV game was in 1966. It doesn't count on another. Memphis State's program has been in the black every year since 1958. San Diego State doesn't even have a television highlights show, but it has surpluses that will keep it going "for at least another 10 years," according to Dr. Ken Karr, the athletic director. Karr holds his $1 million all-sports budget in line by limiting road trips to one night out, by never leaving California to recruit, by discontinuing on-the-spot scouting in favor of film exchanges and by cutting down on training-table privileges. Can such terrible austerity work? San Diego State is 17-3-2 in the past two seasons under Claude Gilbert, and won more than 100 games in fewer than 12 seasons before that.

Boston College has a $240,000 check coming this fall for next week's TV date with Notre Dame, the first meeting of the Catholic schools. It has sold out 61,000-seat Schaefer Stadium. But Boston College's program has been in the black year after year without TV money, Notre Dame or 61,000-seat sellouts. It plays a representative schedule—Texas, Pittsburgh, Tulane, *et al.*—and wins, and watches its budget, and succeeds despite living in the same hutch with a popular pro team.

Q. Is it possible, then, for a big-city school to find happiness in the shadow of the NFL?

A. It is, if sometimes belatedly. There is no doubt the pros intimidate the colleges when they invade an area. Miami has been suffocated by Dolphinmania for years. The University of Tampa dropped football last February after 38 seasons, not because of current losses but because of what it expected to lose when the NFL comes in next year.

The proved formula to solve this kind of crisis is a heavy dose of victory, with a side order of fan re-education. Fans do not always realize how good college football is. At USC John McKay gave a deflated budget a transfusion of advanced offensive stylings and victories galore, including four national championships. In no time he had Los Angeles eating out of his hand. "Who ever heard of the University of the Rams?" says McKay.

At a more modest level, the University of Pittsburgh is winning back its fans. And so is Georgia Tech in Atlanta. And Maryland, which sits in the trough between pro-mad Washington and Baltimore. Maryland, under Jerry Claiborne, went to its first bowl in 18 years in 1973.

It is possible that these big-city fans have discovered some basic facts about the college game. That it offers more action—many more plays per game, more diversified offenses, more points. It is possible. But it is probably more basic than that. Probably more to do with the heart than the head. Also the pocketbook. It's usually cheaper to watch the colleges play, as any harassed college business manager would be quick to point out these days. Hold your flowers. College football ain't down yet. **END**

YESTERDAY IS NOT FAR AWAY

Untroublad by the headachaa of big-time college footbell, the Ivy League is a throwback to an earlier end more carefree tima, when game plens, redshirts and weekly polls did not exiat. The old gred, drink in hand, hurries toward the atadium in his raccoon coat, parhaps the seme ona ha has worn to the Harverd-Yale geme since he was a studant. Pregame picnice, e bit mora elegant than in other parts of the country, flouriah as they did when F. Scott Fitzgerald wes at Princeton and Cole Porter at Yale. Harvard and Yele are no longer candidates for the natlonel championship, but their gama is atill Tha Game and every November it plays to a full house. On the following pages ia a potpourri of scenes from New Haven, Hanover, Ithece and the like, followed by a humorous and sympathetic look et Ivy attitudes by George Plimpton, Harverd '48.





Ah, the rituals of an Ivy weekend. On Friday, outside the main arena, Harvard and Yale battle for the house championship. There are late-night bonfires at Hanover, bladder-ball games at Yale, a Columbia mascot that looks more suited for combat than the team and, of course, tailgate parties everywhere. No Ivy League band could perform without downing a couple of kegs of beer, and Princeton's straw-hatted brass section seems to have done just that.








HARVARD







Here comes Dartmouth onto the field, not through some dark tunnel into a huge amphitheater, but alongside a New Hampshire woodland. This may not be Big Ten or Big Eight, but you'll never convince Ivy fans, from the painted students to the airborne cheerleader, that it isn't big fun. And we'll have to drink to that. Try to argue otherwise and that old Yalie might pop you in the snoot.










YALE
CONNECTICUT

BUT THE IVIES DO FIGHT FIERCELY

by GEORGE PLIMPTON

The Great De-emphasis came in 1956—the decision of the eight universities of the Ivy League (Brown, Cornell, Columbia, Dartmouth, Harvard, Pennsylvania, Princeton and Yale) to relegate football (and athletics in general) to a status subservient to what was supposed to be the business of their institutions, namely, to educate their students. Athletic scholarships would continue to be banned, spring practice ended, the number of coaches limited, regulations governed by a strict code—steps that seemed to many paradoxical, since the eight universities had been the very font of football, had produced the storied rivalries that started back in the 1870s, the towering names (Heffelfinger, Kelley and Booth of Yale, Brickley and Mahan of Harvard, Warner of Cornell, Poe of Princeton, Oberlander of Dartmouth, Luckman and Montgomery of Columbia . . .); the eye-popping legends (Coach Percy Haughton was supposed to have throttled a bulldog to death to pep up his Harvard team before the 1908 Yale game); the huge, frenzied crowds of the '20s; the great marching songs; those literary heroes Dink Stover and Frank Merriwell of Yale; a whole flapper generation that identified with Eastern football; the coonskin coat and the flask and all the attendant rituals and ceremonials of those New England autumn afternoons. Now all of this brilliant history and panoply was being shunted toward an obscure and shameful end, with the quality of the football withering to such a degree that surely the teams, in the vast empty places of their past glory, would play surreal contests as informal and ignored as pickup games in the corner of a municipal park.

But now, because nothing like that happened, many observers believe that the Ivy League's adoption of a more balanced concept of football may be as important to the progress of the game, and perhaps to its future elsewhere, as what the colleges provided at its genesis.

Blowing a tuba, leading a cheer or masquerading as a tiger, everyone has the license to root.

When coaches meet at conferences, the Ivy League people are likely to be left standing off by themselves. The other coaches think of them as men beset with grave problems and better left alone. They cannot imagine a coach unable to tempt a fleet 240-pounder with the sort of athletic scholarships that are almost legal tender elsewhere.

The Ivy League offers scholarships only on the basis of an academically qualified student's need. Annual costs at an Ivy League college average a horrendous $5,900. If a student applies for a scholarship, his parents must "bare their financial souls," as one admissions officer describes the process, by filling out a PCS form (Parents Confidential Statement), which is fed into a computer at Princeton, N.J. to determine how large a grant the student will receive. (Duffy Daugherty, the former coach of Michigan State, once quipped that athletic scholarships are also based on need: "How much do we need him?")

Even if he gets a scholarship, an Ivy League student must earn about $1,500 on his own by waiting on tables in the dining halls, working in the library, etc.

"It's a very simple formula," says Jake Crouthamel, the Dartmouth coach. "At Michigan State the admissions department takes what the athletic department gives them. In the Ivy League the athletic department does what it can with what the admissions people provide."

"I've lost a couple of kids because they could not afford *not* to take an athletic scholarship," says Bill Campbell, the new Columbia coach. "I've lost others because of that gilded thing of imagining yourself playing in front of 60,000 at a place where the focus is sharply on football. If you're offered a full athletic grant to go to a place like that, it's hard to justify turning it down. You can have your prospect see your Ivy League campus, show him what the educational advantages are and the future possibilities—and it's damn frustrating because you know the picture he's carrying around in his mind."

Pat McInally, a gawky, swift-footed end who played well enough for Harvard last year to become an All-America and get drafted by the Cincinnati Bengals, sat down with some friends and figured out that an NCAA football scholarship was worth 60¢ an hour to its recipients—which in most cases committed them to little else than playing football. He bristles with figures that support his despair at the imbalance he feels exists between athletics and education at most NCAA colleges. "It's awful," he says. "The priorities are all wrong. Without being sanctimonious, at college I never liked being singled out as a football player, but as someone who played football." Despite this viewpoint, McInally's play at Harvard was so outstanding that a move, quite independent of his own wishes, started in Cambridge to have his uniform number (84) retired—a sort of cheeky gesture which, at Harvard, had never crossed anyone's mind since the university first fielded a team in 1874. But his supporters petitioned for it; after all, McInally was the first All-America from Harvard since 1941 when Chub Peabody, a 185-pound guard, was selected. But then a professor's remark began to make the rounds. "We've never retired a scholar's examination blue book. Until we do that, I don't see how we can retire No. 84." That was the end of the petition; priorities had been reestablished.

Pat is a great Ivy booster. "I'll tell you one thing about the Ivy League," he says. "It's the most *competitive* league in the country. In the Big 10 or the Pacific Eight it always works out that during the year only one or two good competitive games

continued

are played . . . Michigan-Ohio State perhaps. The rest are walkovers for one team or another. But in the Ivy League you can be assured that each team will have four or five games on its schedule that will go down to the wire."

Shari Maslan remembers McInally, but not with much affection, since she is a Yale undergraduate. Her brown hair flies behind her as she scampers down the sideline behind the Yale bench, revving up for a cartwheel. Just over 5 feet tall, she is one of the Yale cheerleaders. She spends her summers teaching cheerleading under the auspices of the National Cheerleaders Association. She came to Yale from Southwest High School in Kansas City, Mo., where cheerleading is such an involved specialty that a single cheer might be accompanied by a tumbling act off a mini-trampoline, a "double-stunt"—in which one participant jumps onto another's shoulders—and finally a perfect human pyramid.

She arrived at New Haven full of expectation. "Well, it was really weird, especially after being involved with the National Cheerleaders Association," she says. "At Yale we don't even have matching uniforms, or pompons, or mini-trampolines. They gave us real old megaphones, all broken, and sweaters that had YALE on them, and a real tiny cannon, only about a foot long, to shoot off when Yale scored a touchdown. Why, at Southwest High we had a real huge cannon with spoked wheels that would look fine on a *battlefield*. I was the only one at Yale who had any experience."

That was not the only disillusionment. Facing the banks of alumni and students stretching up to the rim of the Yale Bowl on Saturday afternoons, she had the impression that she was trying to manipulate a vast class of truants.

"They don't *do* anything. They don't know when to cheer. They don't know *what* to cheer," she says brightly. "Of course, a lot of them are polluted and can't do anything. What a change! I had cheerleading friends who had gone to the University of Nebraska. There they practice two hours a day, all week long, and they look at videotapes to see if they can improve, and stuff. At Yale we practice at the game. There's not much to do. We have very few cheers. Let's see. 'Bulldog, bulldog, bow, wow, wow . . .'

"Then we have one that goes, 'Go, go, go.'

"And we have 'Eat 'em up, eat 'em up, rah, rah, rah . . .' and that's about it. We tried a pyramid during the Harvard-Yale game and it fell down. There were no casualties. You know what? They like it best when we try something and *miss*."

At first, all of this had a traumatic effect on Shari. She was close to tears; she wrote troubled letters home. And then slowly she began to appreciate what she was involved in. "I grew to love it—the humor and the attitude, which was real informal and easy, and the outlook, which was sassy and satiric, and sometimes real weird, too. One time we played one of the colleges up in New England—Cornell or Dartmouth—and it was too far for the band to go. So they sent just the bandleader and at halftime the public-address announcer came on: 'The Yale band presents *The Face of God*!' And just this one guy went out and stood there in the middle of the field with his face turned up to the sky."

The attitude at Yale seems to prevail throughout the Ivy League's cheerleading corps. "We're extremely informal," says Ken Rosenfield, the head cheerleader at Dartmouth. "We fool around a lot. When we try a pyramid, we put the girls on the bottom and collapse on them."

Nonetheless, Rosenfield thinks that the football spirit at Dartmouth is more intense and traditional than anywhere else in the league. "Why, I met this Harvard guy last fall and asked him if he'd been to the game that afternoon and he said, 'Not really.' Well, now what does *that* mean? At least at Dartmouth we know when we've been to a game. I'll bet 90% of Dartmouth men know the words of the alma mater. In the evening groups of guys go from one fraternity to another singing it. They sing it in Thayer Hall, where the entire student body eats, and one table will stand up and begin singing, and everyone stops eating. The whole place just vibrates with spirit."

In such an atmosphere it is not surprising that a football defeat is keenly felt. David Shribman, a Dartmouth sportswriter, was moved to such anguish by the team's 14–9 loss to Yale last year that he wrote in his report to the alumni: "A full 45 years after the week that sent the stock market into its greatest decline ever, the Green suffered a 14–9 loss to undefeated Yale every bit as heartbreaking as the ruins of fortunes that began on Black Thursday in 1929."

This attitude is hardly matched down the line in Cambridge. Last year Harvard, with a fine team that ended up with Yale as a co-holder of the Ivy title, journeyed to Dartmouth, but hardly anyone bothered to follow them. Of the 5,500 tickets reserved for Harvard visitors, 1,200 were returned. The band went, and it played *Fair Harvard* nervously under the Dartmouth dormitory windows, the tuba players turning to see if there was anything moving up behind them.

Harvard's pep rallies ceased in the 1960s when the football players began to worry about how they would be received at these affairs. In 1962 Coach John Yovicsin got up on the steps of the Hemenway Gym in Cambridge and, pleased with the number of Harvard men in front of him, began with a pleasantry, saying he had always heard about Harvard indifference—whereupon he was interrupted by such a long and sustained cheer for Harvard indifference that he found it difficult to continue.

Ah, the Ivy League bands! They are a community unto themselves. Where they sit is described as "The Pit." Their vectors of interest only occasionally are concerned with what is happening down on the field unless it is the activity of campus dogs roaming the sidelines, or the progress of a paper glider launched toward the playing field, which they urge on, exploding with joy if one happens to fetch up against the backside of a player bent over in the huddle. Their girls are tucked in beside them. There is little conformity of dress. Many wear Mickey Mouse hats. Their sector is the noisiest in the stadium, but it is the roar of conversation—like that at a vast cocktail party—that drifts out of it, rather than shouts in support of the team. Whatever interest there has been in the game wanes almost completely after the first half. Their backs always seem to be to the field. The great gold bells of a pair of tubas bellow at each other; the two instruments seem to lock, rocking back and forth obscenely to the accompaniment of the peeps and squawks of detached mouthpieces and the rhythm of whiskey flasks and beer bottles clinked against each other. They have their own private cheers—a "confetti" cheer in which they rip up their programs and toss them in the air. Obscenity abounds. A trumpet player will rise and call out, "Give me a 'C.'"

The band members respond: "*C!*" "An 'O'!" "*O!*" "A 'P'!" "*P!*" "A 'U'!" "*U!*" "An 'L'!" "*L!*" "An 'A'!" "*A!*" . . . until the word is done, and around the perimeter of the band, lips compress and the more traditional of the alumni start composing letters in their minds to be posted to the alumni bulletin on Monday morning.

On the field at halftime, the bands (with the exception of Cornell's, which is scorned by the others for trying to imitate the high-stepping, tuba-twisting, precision movements of the Big Ten) stand in ill-formed lines and they never seem to take off on the downbeat, stepping ever so smartly, without the glockenspiel player dropping the music off the little stand on his instrument. The effect of his stopping to pick it up seems to sweep through the band so that whatever precision exists breaks down almost immediately into the chaos of a crowd moving for a subway entrance.

The halftime shows are usually representative of the band itself—7½ minutes for each college to put on its display of rowdy iconoclasm. A few years ago Brown University, which on occasion has performed in bathing suits, stunned a Princeton crowd in Palmer Stadium with a halftime offering, complete with graphic formations, entitled *Salute to the Human Reproductive System.*

But the music is often so good (despite the band's devoting only an hour or so a week to practice), that many people come to the stadium on Saturday afternoons simply to hear it played. A number of the bands have trumpet cheers adapted from the classics—Beethoven, Stravinsky, Vivaldi—the notes rising out of all that rumpus with such purity that even the musicians themselves seem to quiet down to hear what their peers can do.

Chuck Bednarik, perhaps Penn's most illustrious football-playing graduate, starred for 14 fearsome years with the Philadelphia Eagles. He was bitter when Penn decided to de-emphasize football and join the Ivy League. "I was an alumnus at the height of my football career with the Eagles, and it was just embarrassing to wander in there and watch Penn lose 10 games in a row before those tiny crowds—8,000 people in the same place where the smallest crowd I ever played in front of was 56,000. But then I began to analyze it. The Ivy League degree is the greatest—it's unreal. There are

continued

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so many football factories. That is where you can go if you really want to try to play football professionally. But I'll tell you something. Recently, things have begun to pick up around there."

It was a particularly cruel wrench for Pennsylvania to de-emphasize its football program—far more so than for its Ivy League brethren—since its teams had kept company with the strongest football powers in the country. As if in shame at the status it had willed upon itself, Penn's sports program went through such a complete reversal that eight years ago a commission took a look and decided that because of de-emphasis the university's athletic programs were in danger of disappearing altogether; the won-lost percentage of the school's teams was under .500. Since then, there has been a distinct shift. Committees were formed, more money was allotted for hiring good coaches, athletic facilities were improved . . . all within the Ivy League code, but successful enough over the past years to raise the won-lost percentage of Penn's teams above .700. Penn has had three winning football seasons in a row; it had only two others in the previous 20 years. When other Ivy League coaches talk about Penn, they lower their voices slightly; they cannot quite believe what is going on to the south of them.

Earlier this summer Mike Yeager, who is the Columbia co-captain, and his roommate, a fellow linebacker named Ray Rahamin, were sprinting up the steps of Baker Field, the University's antiquated stadium on the northern tip of Manhattan, when Rahamin suddenly drove one leg up to the knee through a rotten plank. "He just about fell *into* the stadium," Yeager remembers in awe.

After being trained in the fertile football grounds of Pennsylvania, Yeager went through the double shock of going to a college that for almost a decade has been the doormat of the Ivy League and finding himself in an environment that he describes ruefully as "academic, liberated and anti-jock."

"I'd come back to my room after a game—which we'd lost, of course—before a pitifully small crowd up there at Baker Field and I'd find that some student, a math major, I guess, had tacked up a prophecy on my door for next week's game—a zero for Columbia and an impossibly huge score for the other team, 10 to the 10th power. That was about the only sort of attention we'd get."

But now Columbia is rebuilding, too—a new coaching staff, a general stirring of optimism. After one of Columbia's rare touchdowns last season a wearied New York voice drifted across near-deserted Baker Field, "All right, alumni, it's turned around. Time to bring out your checkbooks."

Yeager envies those who are just entering Columbia as freshmen. During his first lean years, he doubts if there was any college in the country where such a large percentage of the team played not for the name of the college, or for a student body, or to impress friends in the crowd, or even a coaching staff, but for the simple pleasure of the game itself.

When Harvard upset Yale last year, the team crowded into its ancient locker-room in the Dillon Field House at Cambridge, the aisles so narrow that a football player in his shoulder pads has to turn sideways to get by a teammate. The shouting and the celebrating began. The traditional cries went up that the team was "No. 1!"—a chorus shouted in unison and punctuated by the beating of fists on locker doors and the overhead ventilation pipes. Then down at the end of the room a small chant began: "Bring on Oklahoma!" It did not last long, and it was not very loud, not unlike the mumbling of a name one is not sure of.

Yet, however feebly the cry was raised, knowledgeable coaches never disparage the abilities of an Ivy League team. John Pont, who coached at Yale before moving on to Indiana and Northwestern, feels that of the 22 starters on the average Ivy League team, five to seven could move into starting positions on a Big Ten team. "The difference is with the other people. A football power like Alabama or Nebraska or Oklahoma can play 50 people in a game without losing much potential. But that's certainly not the case in the Ivy League."

No longer is it a surprise when an Ivy League player turns up in the professional ranks. A short while back the appearance of one was greeted by considerable joshing and a certain amount of squinting, especially on the part of the veterans, as if something odd, and perhaps dainty, had appeared on the practice field. "Is that seven-man football you play out there in Cornell?" Ed Marinaro was asked when he joined the Minnesota Vikings. "Or is it touch?"

Dick Jauron, who went from Yale to the Detroit Lions, remembers how everyone seemed a little bit bigger, faster and stronger than he believed possible. "The football field seemed to shrink," he says. "The people on it took up so much more room. Of course, that's the impression no matter where you've come from. It's just more noticeable if you've come from the Ivy League."

But so many Ivy Leaguers have succeeded in the pros that the kidding has ceased. Indeed, it has been replaced by mild envy by many who have begun to realize that the Ivy system makes more sense.

"It was all football for them," comments Calvin Hill, the great running back who graduated from Yale and starred for Dallas before jumping to the WFL's Hawaii team. "I remember that my biggest surprise coming into the pros was how much time I suddenly had to concentrate on football. It seemed such a luxury. At Yale you had two hours of football, and that was all, and then you had to start thinking whether the Civil War was inevitable, because that was what you were going to be quizzed on in a classroom. But for many of my friends in football, coming to camp was no surprise at all, because in their college there was nothing else but football. That's very sad. They can't believe that 100% of the Ivy League college teams actually graduate."

What Ed Marinaro finds most depressing is what happens to players who come out of the Pacific Eight or the Big Ten, where football influences everything, and then don't make it in the pros. "It's a terrible blow to their egos because they can't adjust. They don't know anything else."

When Ed Marinaro was establishing his NCAA rushing records at Cornell (perhaps the most astonishing one a 281-yard day in 1969 against Harvard), the old grads would buttonhole him by his locker or on the campus and ask him about a mysterious George Pfann, or how did he compare himself to this gentleman. A puzzled Marinaro discovered that George Pfann was a Cornell quarterback who played 30 years before Marinaro was born. "I was asked a lot about George Pfann and I never had the slightest idea what to say. But I was always very polite about George Pfann."

Hamilton Fish is the only Harvard man on Walter Camp's alltime All-America team. He was a member of the undefeat-

ed 1908 squad. Tall and powerful for his 80-odd years, he is a noted American conservative. The other day he was asked for a general observation about football. He replied thoughtfully, "The fundamentals have always been the same. The main difference is the shape of the ball. I suppose, in a way, it's an improvement. I have no objection to it. It's opened up the game."

On the shelf in his closet in Boston's Chestnut Hill, Richard Hallowell of the Harvard class of 1920 keeps an aluminum fly-rod case in which rests a hickory stick about three feet long with a red silk flag attached. The flag has a black "H" sewn in the middle. The flag has passed in succession to four gentlemen since it was taken to its first Harvard-Yale game in 1884. It is willed to the Harvard man next in line who has seen the highest consecutive number of Harvard-Yale games. Hallowell is the present possessor.

Hallowell's predecessor took the flag to 75 games. Hallowell has seen 63 in a row. He is very careful with the flag, keeping it under his seat in the aluminum case. "I only haul it out at certain times," he says. His two favorite games are the 29–29 game in 1968 and a 0–0 tie in 1925, when Yale had a first down on the six-yard line with a minute or so to go and in two plays took the ball to the three, where time ran out because the Yale captain and the quarterback got into an argument. Hallowell laughs, remembering. He would have waved the flag gleefully had it been in his possession then.

Harland (Pinky) Baker is a member of Princeton's class of 1922. He got his nickname in his prep-school days at Exeter, running under a long, high pass thrown by a quarterback, who shouted after him, "Run for it, you pinkhead, run!" Baker is a superfan. He goes to all the Princeton practices, including the freshmen's. He carries a cowbell to lacrosse games. He cannot rid his mind of the Dartmouth-Princeton game played during Hurricane Flora in 1950. Princeton won 13–7 as Dick Kazmaier ran for two touchdowns to assure himself the Heisman Trophy. "There were only 100 Princeton men watching that day and 10 or 12 Dartmouth people across the way," he says. "Couldn't even face the wind. I watched the game peeking out from behind a concrete ramp. I was wearing these big wading boots that I use for goose and duck shooting and I wore a sou'wester. The wind just *sang* down the field—just God-awful. It was impossible to punt the ball because it came right back in your face. So it was better to run on fourth down against the wind no matter where you were on the field. They almost called it off, but Dartmouth came all that way and it was for the championship. I remember that wind picked up Kazmaier when he crossed the goal line and it carried him clear into the cement stands at the end of the stadium—just ripped him up against the stone. Oh, I can't get that game out of my mind. I'll tell you something. There were so few people there it was like they were playing it all for me . . . just for my benefit. . . ."

John Kenneth Galbraith, the distinguished economist, does not approve of people with excessive football-worshiping tendencies; indeed, he has been to only two football games in his life ("Neither the game nor the general depravity of the onlookers appealed to me"), and in this year's class-day exercises at Harvard he commended the shift in attitude from what it had been when he was a student 41 years before. "Undergraduate esteem in the 1930s was sought partly in athletics. . . . Aristocracies are often marked by such effortless assumptions of superiority, supplemented by a special grace in the enjoyment of sex, alcohol and idleness. So it was then. And so greatly were these supplementary proficiencies admired, especially the consumption of alcohol, that the most distinguished of the alumni returned each autumn to the football games to show their continuing virtuosity.

"Some things in life are intrinsically without style or charm. One of them is to relive, however briefly, the enjoyments of youth. Burned in my memory of those fiestas is the hoast of a celebrant, after a game, that from the top floor of a [Harvard] dormitory he could dive headfirst down a stairwell, onto the cement floor, and survive. All cheered him on. He was wrong."

Predictably, no Ivy League power is among the nation's Top 20. To learn which teams are, turn the page for scouting reports by Mike DelNagro, Joe Jares, Larry Keith, Sarah Pileggi, Pat Putnam and Ron Reid.

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TOP 20



OKLAHOMA

Half a national-championship loaf was better than none for Oklahoma last year, but this season the Sooners should have every crumb for themselves—to say nothing of all that postseason bread. Oklahoma is off probation and eligible for all the polls, bowls and honor rolls. Only a regular-season television proscription remains.

Oklahoma begins the season with a wagonload of talent and experience, plus a 29-game unbeaten streak. "People like to think we're fat and sassy," says Coach Barry Switzer, whose two-year record is a trim 21-0-1, "but we'll play as hard as ever. We could be even better than we were last season."

Improving on perfection is difficult. The Sooners were the nation's only unbeaten, untied team last year, ranking first in scoring, total offense and rushing, and they were in the Top Ten in the corresponding defensive categories. Graduation losses struck the offensive line, defensive secondary and linebacking corps, but experienced, capable reserves are on hand.

The Oklahoma wishbone will be as destructive as ever. Joe Washington, whose hand-painted silver shoes flashed to 14 touchdowns and 1,321 yards last year, is bidding for the Heisman Trophy and Steve Owens' Big Eight career rushing record. Switzer calls Slippery Joe the best back in the country, and there are days—such as last season's four-touchdown, 211-yard effort against Colorado—when he appears to be just that. Elvis Peacock, spectacular as a reserve last fall, should be the other halfback, with junior Horace Ivory and freshman Billy Sims providing superior support.

No less important in Oklahoma's snap-crackle-and-pop offense are Fullback Jim Littrell's power up the middle and the passing of Quarterback Steve Davis to Tinker Owens and Billy Brooks. Littrell gained 837 yards last year, and Davis, who has not quarterbacked a losing game, ran and passed for 1,260 yards and 20 touchdowns. They will be working behind a huge offensive line, led by 6′ 6″, 290-pound Tackle Mike Vaughan and 6-foot, 250-pound Guard Terry Webb.

Despite the loss of Linebacker Rod Shoate and Safety Randy Hughes, the defense will remain formidable. Brothers LeRoy and Dewey Selmon are enough to guarantee that. In 1974 they stormed in from their tackle and nose-guard positions for more than 100 tackles apiece. Switzer worries about his outside pursuit and pass coverage, but says confidently, "We'll be physical and tough, and that's what defense is all about." Further help should come from an outstanding freshman class, which the Sooners' chief recruiter, Jerry Pettibone, calls "the most promising in at least six years."

You're doin' fine, Oklahoma.



ALABAMA

Unlike most teams, Alabama makes no secret of its national-championship ambitions. "It's our goal every fall," says Charley Thornton, the assistant athletic director. "Nobody even talks about the Southeastern Conference title. In a way, we've created our own monster."

The Crimson Tide has lost only one regular-season game while winning the last four SEC championships, but bowl defeats have cost it three national titles. "We talk to the kids all the time about the national championship," says Bear Bryant, who has won three in 30 years of coaching. "I want to win it all. I don't like mediocrity. It's like climbing a totem pole. The higher you go, the fewer people there are crowding you."

Naturally, and with good reason, Alabama is talking national championship again. "If we don't get it with this bunch," says All-America Defensive End Leroy Cook, "we'll never get one." Whereupon Cook and five other players were placed on probation by Bryant for disciplinary reasons, and two others were suspended.

Even so, the Tide has a juggernaut: 14 starters back from last year's team, which survived youthful mistakes, injuries and offensive inconsistency to win all 11 games before its Orange Bowl loss to Notre Dame. "This is the finest-*looking* squad we've ever had," says Bryant. "By that I mean we've got more big, strong kids. But except for the offensive skill positions, it's also the slowest."

Bryant is particularly concerned with his plodding offensive line. He gave it personal attention during spring practice, but admitted afterward, "None of them could line up and beat a Notre Dame or an Auburn."

Overall, the pluses far outnumber the minuses. Even Bryant admits that his running backs are exceptional. Calvin Culliver and Willie Shelby return, and they should be helped by Johnny Davis, an inexperienced sophomore fullback with outstanding potential. Big, strong Richard Todd is the quarterback. Two years ago Bryant said Todd would make people forget Joe Namath. Unfortunately, he had neither the magic arm nor the leadership qualities, but he is improving. He has also overcome the nervous stutter that occasionally obliged his teammates to call plays in the huddle.

Alabama should be as strong defensively this year as last, when it allowed only eight points and 220 yards a game to rank third and fifth nationally. Wayne Rhodes and Alan Pizzitola return to the secondary; Greg Montgomery and Woodrow Lowe to linebacker; and Bob Baumhower, Charles Hannah and Cook to the line.

To win the national title, Alabama must overcome its eight-year bowl drought. "Bowls are supposed to be fun—a reward," growls Bear. For the Tide, they have been a death sentence.



So you want to make a bet? Jack Nicklaus in the Masters? Not bad. Oakland to win both the World Series and the Super Bowl? Could happen. But why take a chance when you can go for a sure thing. Try USC in the Rose Bowl. No, not necessarily to win, although the Trojans do that often enough, as Ohio State found out last January. The bet is that USC will again take the Pacific Eight title and represent the conference in the Rose Bowl. As it did last season and the season before that and the season before that—seven times in the last nine years. Money in the bank.

Coach John McKay's record against Pac-8 opponents is 68-14-3. Despite the loss of 14 players to the pros, despite having no Anthony Davis to run back kickoffs, no Pat Haden to throw last-minute touchdown passes and no Charles Phillips to come up with intereceptions, and despite McKay's claiming to have "fewer pro prospects among the seniors than any year since 1962," USC figures to win the conference title yet again. Even another national championship is possible, for the schedule seems easier than last year's, although the Trojans play Notre Dame in South Bend, and surely you remember why the Irish want blood.

USC will be difficult to score against. Three-time All-America Richard Wood is gone, but the linebackers will be strong, especially Kevin Bruce, who led the team in tackles in 1974, and experienced sophomore Mario Celotto. Of the 22 probable starters 17 are Californians, but the best defensive lineman is from Woody Hayes' turf, Cleveland. His name is Gary Jeter, and for a 237-pound tackle, he can fly. Sophomore Dennis Thurman replaces Marvin Cobb at safety, and he will have proved talent there with him in Cornerbacks Danny Reece, Ron Bush and Rover Doug Hogan.

Without Davis, Haden and Receiver Johnny McKay, it does not seem likely that USC could be as explosive as in 1974. The offense is formidable, nevertheless, with a potential baby-elephant backfield of Quarterback Vince Evans, who is 6′2″, 205 pounds and a powerful runner, 209-pound Fullback Dave Farmer and 215-pound Tailback Ricky Bell. If two sophomores with big reputations, Dwight Ford and JC-transfer Lynn Cain, do well, McKay might let them share the tailback spot and return Bell to fullback, a position he would share with Farmer and Mosi Tatupu, a 225-pound Hawaiian. When Haden was resting last year, North Carolinian Evans showed himself to be a good passer and he will have some handy targets, notably Flanker Shelton Diggs, who caught the two-point conversion pass in the Rose Bowl, and Split End Ken Randle, who ran a 45.1 quarter last spring. The offensive line will be anchored by junior Marvin Powell, also from North Carolina.

"We're a year away from greatness," says McKay, "but the Trojans will survive in '75." On almost any other campus such survival would be called prosperity.



For the last three seasons Michigan's record has been a glittering 30-2-1. In that period it shared three Big Ten titles, didn't finish lower than sixth in the national rankings—and didn't go to a single Rose Bowl game. This year, however, the Wolverines will almost assuredly find themselves in a postseason game somewhere if only because a proposed revision in the Rose Bowl contract may allow the Big Ten runner-up to accept an invitation to another bowl, if offered. But Coach Bo Schembechler has his sights aimed higher even if, as is the case with most coaches, he has found something to worry about.

"This year our offense may be so weak we could field a pro defense and still be in trouble," Bo says. Well, chances are Michigan will indeed field a pro defense. Through his six seasons at Ann Arbor, Michigan ranks first among major schools in fewest points yielded. During that time the Wolverines have blanked opponents 18 times and given up no more than seven points another 24 times. With that kind of defense, you only need a Pop Warner offense.

Which is exactly what worries Bo—the offense may be puny. "In some areas," he says, "we may need immediate help from our freshmen." Bo's two best prospects are Running Back Harlan Huckleby (6′1½″, 195 pounds) from Detroit and Russell Davis (6′2″, 215 pounds) from Woodbridge, Va. Scoring 26 touchdowns his senior year, Davis won raves as "the best high school runner since O. J. Simpson." Schembechler is wary of such praise.

"Davis hasn't played fullback," he says. "I always worry about these kids with superstar labels. The guy I like is Huckleby. He can run."

Running is the tactic Schembechler prefers almost to the exclusion of the forward pass, and so the Wolverines again may be expected to plow along with a lot of quarterback options and tailbacks skirting end. Michigan rushed for an average of 307 yards a game last season as Gordon Bell and Rob Lytle, both returning, combined for 1,850 yards.

At quarterback, senior Mark Elzinga (6′3″, 198 pounds) inherits the job Dennis Franklin performed so well for three seasons. Split End Jim Smith, one of the Big Ten's best, has been shifted to wingback.

The defense will be hurt by the loss of David Brown in the secondary—but not that much. The five-man defensive line will be headed by Jeff Perlinger (6′4″, 240 pounds), an All-America prospect, and Middle Guard Tim Davis (5′10″, 210 pounds), who made 16 unassisted tackles against Ohio State. Don Dufek, an outstanding rover, is the nucleus of the linebacker-secondary corps.

Michigan opens at Wisconsin, where a veteran Schembechler team almost got beaten last year. Other tests are against Michigan State and, of course, the Buckeyes, whom Michigan gets at home.

CONTINUED

NEBRASKA

Midway through spring practice Nebraska Coach Tom Osborne, in search of a quarterback to replace David Humm, was puzzled over the bumbling performance of Randy Garcia, a 6′ 3″ sophomore who was redshirted last season after a knee operation. On the depth chart, which at that stage was very tentative, Garcia was listed as No. 5 and playing not even that well. "Dang," said Osborne, firing off the strongest oath in his vocabulary.

The coach called the sophomore to his side. After some hesitation, Garcia admitted that Osborne's presence made him nervous. "If I make you nervous being around," said the coach, "how are you going to react in front of 76,000 people?"

In the next few days Garcia improved considerably and Osborne was taking credit for the transformation.

"No, Coach," said the sophomore. "It wasn't the talk. Now I just pretend you aren't here."

For the first time in seven seasons the Cornhuskers will open with a quarterback corps of questionable credentials. Humm is gone, and long gone are Jerry Tagge and Van Brownson. That's the trio that led Nebraska to two national championships and six straight bowl victories.

At the moment, the starting quarterback is Terry Luck, a senior who has spent more time under the knife—three knee operations—than on the playing field. Seeing action for the first time last season, he completed eight of 21 for 83 yards and a touchdown. It was Luck, in for a sputtering Humm, who engineered a late 99-yard drive to beat Florida in the Sugar Bowl. Just behind him are, yes, Garcia and Vince Ferragamo, a 6′ 3″, 205-pound junior with promise. Despite their inexperience, Osborne felt he had enough good people to consider using Earl Everett, last year's No. 2 signal-caller, as a part-time wingback

When you have three potential All-Americas at other positions and a defense that could have given Leonidas three additional days at Thermopylae, it takes the pressure off the offense, but in this case, the offense can take care of itself. For instance, it has Rik Bonness, the explosive center—the best in Nebraska history, according to Osborne—who has started every game but one the last two seasons; senior Tony Davis, perhaps the finest fullback in the land; and John O'Leary, a slashing tailback.

Plus—and what a defensive plus—Wonderful Monds Jr., the monster back with the magnificent moniker and, at 6′ 2″ and 200 pounds, the fastest of the 22 starters. "With Monds and our overall experience," said Defensive Coordinator Monte Kiffin, "I think we're going to have a heck of a defense And we're going to have a great defense if everyone works hard."

"I believe we'll work hard," said Osborne.

"Where's that voice coming from?" said Garcia.

AUBURN

Although the defense is a frightening shade of green and the schedule is fraught with hazards, Auburn seems capable of giving Coach Shug Jordan something more than a gold watch after his 25th and final season. At least the old War Eagle, who turns 65 this month, hopes so. "I want to make this last year a good one," he says. "I think the players want their old coach to go out a winner too, but it's going to take a particular breed of Auburn player for us to survive."

Anything resembling last year's 10-2 team would suffice. The 1974 Tigers were among Jordan's best, and they capped the season by swamping Texas 27–3 in the Gator Bowl. Unfortunately, eight defensive starters are no longer on hand. "We have some good players," says Defensive Coordinator Paul Davis, "but I hope we don't get killed while we're learning."

Jordan is worried, too, but he is quick to point out that, "It's been a long, long time since we had a *bad* defense." There is nothing wrong with the nucleus of Tackle Rick Telhiard, End Liston Eddins and Linebacker Carl Hubbard, who will miss a few games because of a knee injury. Telhiard is a bit small (5′ 10″, 229 pounds), but he led the team in tackles last year. Among the more promising youngsters are Linebacker Kim Sellers, the only freshman to letter in 1974, and sophomore Safety Rick Freeman.

The three leading ground-gainers return from a backfield that veered to a school-record 281 yards per game. Most prominent is junior Fullback Secdrick McIntyre, only 192 pounds but the fastest running back Jordan has ever coached. Quarterback Phil Gargis is also a fine runner and an adequate passer. Even though he was a substitute, Tailback Mitzi Jackson was the third-leading rusher last year and should do even better playing full time.

The Tigers will throw more than nine passes a game—their 1974 average—if a capable receiver can be found. One candidate is Chris Vacarella, who has moved to wingback from reserve quarterback. "We need to get people off our running game," says Offensive Coordinator Doug Barfield, Jordan's 39-year-old designated successor.

The big offensive line, which should be a comfort to Gargis, is led by 260-pound senior Tackle Chuck Fletcher, Auburn's best blocker the past two years. To fill a vacancy at center, Jordan had to look no farther than his own street where senior Ben Strickland grew up.

An eighth-straight bowl appearance is possible if the Tigers can overcome a rugged schedule that has them on the road seven of 11 weekends and includes six 1974 bowl teams. "We have not always been a good road team," Jordan says. "This year we have to be."

This year, more than any other, they will probably want to be.

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OHIO STATE

Woody Hayes undoubtedly would prefer something more traditional for his silver-anniversary year at Ohio State, but there it is—the prospect of an honest-to-goodness tough schedule starting with the opening kickoff. The last time an OSU schedule was rugged enough to worry Woody, Archie Griffin was learning to walk.

It has never been Hayes' practice to test his team early in the season, or at all, if he could avoid it. While Oklahoma may challenge a USC, or Nebraska a UCLA, Hayes has played it safe, clobbering nonconference cripples or Big Ten also-rans right up to the annual season-ending vendetta with Michigan.

This year, however, the Buckeyes open against Michigan State in East Lansing, which soon may replace Ann Arbor as the town Woody hates most in the state Woody hates most. The Bucks have lost two straight in Spartan Stadium, including last season's 16–13 stunner that cost them their No. 1 ranking. Revenge, which might be a powerful force in other years, may not be enough this time because the Spartans suspect it was Hayes who called attention to MSU's alleged recruiting violations, now the subject of an NCAA inquiry.

After MSU, Ohio State plays Penn State, North Carolina and UCLA in Los Angeles before returning to the Big Ten, where downtrodden Northwestern has been replaced by Purdue. As usual, the Michigan game will be the season finale, this year in Ann Arbor where the Buckeyes have not won since 1967.

The squad has lost 13 starters, eight of them defensive players, so the first few games should be especially revealing. As in other recent seasons, Hayes will make liberal use of freshmen, hoping that they mature rapidly, as did Nick Buonamici, a 6′3″, 236-pound junior defensive tackle who was the terror of spring practice. Another proven performer is Safety Tim Fox.

While Ohio State will be extremely young, Columbus fans will have little trouble recognizing the offensive backfield. Headed by Heisman Trophy winner Griffin, who has rushed for 4,139 yards and 22 touchdowns, it includes fellow seniors Cornelius Greene at quarterback and Brian Baschnagel on the wing, with junior Pete Johnson ensconced at fullback. Figure Archie for a lot of carries. Woody does.

Griffin's brother Ray, a sophomore who is faster than Archie and too valuable to play behind him, has been moved to safety. Secondary Coach Dick Walker, who tutored Jack Tatum, says Ray "has the potential to be the best hitter I've ever had."

If the uncustomary ruggedness of the early going doesn't overwhelm Ohio State's young players, the Buckeyes could spend a fourth straight New Year's Day Rose Bowling in Pasadena.



PENN STATE

Time was when Penn State was the big bully on a little block, taking on Army, Navy and assorted other Eastern pussycats. As a result, two things happened: the schedule helped Joe Paterno compile the best coaching record in the game—in nine years as head coach he is 85-15-1—and the Nittany Lions were never chosen No. 1, not even two years ago when they won 12 straight, including an Orange Bowl defeat of LSU. The pollsters would look at the weak schedule and vote for some other team, often one with a lot of bigger-name patsies on *its* schedule.

This season no one can accuse Penn State of dodging the heavyweights. For one thing, some of those pussycats have grown sharp teeth; Pitt, Maryland and North Carolina State were all in the Top 20 last year. And two weeks from now Penn State takes on a superheavyweight, Ohio State—and in Columbus. It should be a bruising afternoon.

Paterno spent the summer huddled in a darkroom, watching films and trying to come up with a workable offense. He emerged sounding somewhat the worse for wear. "I really don't know what system we'll run," he says. "Who knows, we might line up in a single wing."

Penn State's offense mostly consists of hefty juniors (Paterno could field a line averaging close to 250 pounds). There are two quarterback candidates, John Andress, who threw only eight passes last year, and 6′5½″ John Carroll. Andress is the better all-round athlete, but Carroll, says Paterno, "has the potential to be a really outstanding passer. He's smart and learns quickly." The running game looks solid with last year's frosh flash Jimmy Cefalo, Woody Petchel, the best rusher in the spring game, and Fullback Larry Suhey, who grew up in State College, Pa. Gone are Quarterback Tom Shuman, Tight End Dan Natale and Fullback Tom Donchez, but the offensive line should help the replacements. One behemoth, 270-pound Dave Shukri, should be recovered from an off-season injury by the time Stanford checks in for the home opener next week.

The defensive line had better be tough, since it will be trying to contain some of the nation's best runners—Ohio State's Archie Griffin, Kentucky's Sonny Collins, West Virginia's Artie Owens, Pitt's Tony Dorsett. To help make it so, Paterno moved Offensive Tackle Ron Coder, a walk-on who played schoolboy football in Japan, to defensive tackle. Returning is Linebacker Greg Buttle, who had 165 tackles and assists last fall, tops on the squad. Paterno has no Jack Hams or Dennis Onkotzes, but nonetheless the opposition had better try to pass.

"This will be a young team," Paterno says. "Basically sophomores and juniors. However, we have the potential for a fine team." And that rugged schedule? "Oh, that should be a lot of fun," says Paterno with a smile. Joe may want to reconsider that statement as the season goes on.

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ARIZONA

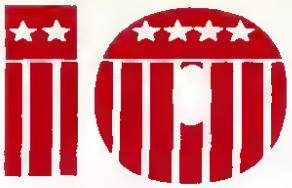
Arizona Stadium in Tucson will be enlarged by 18,000 seats for the 1976 season and, with a capacity of 58,000, will be the largest in the Western Athletic Conference. There is good reason for expansion. The university's football reputation has improved tremendously in Jim Young's two years as head coach. His Wildcats had an 8-3-1 record in 1973 and were co-champions of the WAC. Last year they beat Arizona State for the first time in a decade and their 9-2 record was the best since the school started intercollegiate football in 1899, 13 years before the territory became a state. This season, Arizona should be a crowd-pleasing stadium-filling team again.

The Wildcats are strong favorites to win the WAC title, and one of the principal reasons, other than Young's coaching, is Quarterback Bruce Hill, a senior who was seventh in the nation in total offense last year with 2,118 yards, and 13th in passing with 133 completions in 249 tries for 1,814 yards. Only two men who finished ahead of him in total offense, Gene Swick of Toledo and Mark Driscoll of Colorado State, are back this year. Hill and Driscoll will take turns showing their stuff on Nov. 15 when the Wildcats travel to Fort Collins, Colo.

Tucson is very big on statistics. The football-loving citizenry can give you chapter and verse on Hill and his teammates. Defensive Tackle Mike Dawson, a hometown hero, led the team in "big play" helmet decorations and is said to be coveted by NFL scouts. One NFL personnel director says, "if the draft were held tomorrow he would go in the first round." And Theopolis (T) Bell from Bakersfield, Calif. is, they say, the premier flanker in the nation, gaining 700 yards. Theopolis in Greek means city of God, which doesn't seem to fit either Bakersfield or Tucson, but Young, for whom Bell toils, thinks he is pretty good, if not godlike. "He is a great all-round competitor. Not only is he a great receiver but also he is our top returner on kickoffs and punts. He is very dependable and a line competitor who is always on the field to win." Teaming with Bell will be senior Split End Scott Piper, who caught 46 passes last season, four of them for touchdowns.

Young has 13 returning starters, including Safety Dennis Anderson, who tied for fourth in the country in interceptions and led the team in fumble recoveries (he will also do the punting this season); Offensive Tackle Brian Murray, the team's best blocking lineman; and Center Bob Windisch, a tough two-year starter. Plus, according to Young, "the best depth ever at running back" and a good placekicker, sophomore Lee Pistor.

Arizona State and its fine coach, Frank Kush, will not concede, of course, and the game between the two teams will be in Tempe, but even so it appears that Arizona will be in the Fiesta Bowl the day after Christmas.



TEXAS

Darrell Royal has an expression, "We're going to scratch where it itches." The big itch in Austin last season was passing, which accounted for only 12.4% of the Longhorns' offense and most of the aggravation. Less than 45 yards a game is bad even by Texas wishbone standards. Last year the opportunities were there but the material was not, the Longhorns slipping to an 8-3 record, second place in the Southwest Conference and a 27-3 loss to Auburn in the Gator Bowl. Though the team had the league's best total-yardage figures, those rabid, two-fingered Texas fans are pleading for more throwing.

Even so, Royal remains skeptical. "I don't think the varied attack is the answer to everything," he says. In the last seven years of wishboning, the Longhorns have lost only four conference games, but two of those occurred last year. Nevertheless, with Earl Campbell returning at fullback after rushing for 928 yards as a freshman, Royal does not want to shake things up too much.

Still, to upgrade the air attack, he has hired pass-minded Don Breaux, formerly of Florida State, Arkansas and Florida. In another move, Royal has shifted Alfred Jackson from the defensive secondary to split end. Jackson is a 9.5 sprinter with good hands, and as Breaux says, "If you want to mount a passing attack you must have a split receiver who can get open to catch the ball and then do something about running with it."

Also in the name of more passing, Tight End Tommy Ingram, a starter for two years and an excellent blocker, might have to give way to either Joe Samford or Randy Gerdes, both juniors and better receivers.

To make all this work, senior Quarterback Marty Akins must improve on last year's 19 for 47 statistics. Royal excuses the mediocre average, admitting that Akins' protection and receivers could have been better, and suggests Akins is on the verge of his best season. As a sophomore, he was 35 for 70 and should be at least as prolific and proficient this year. Mike Presley, last year's backup, has eschewed football in favor of studies, so Royal is forced to look hopefully to freshmen Ted Constanzo and Charles Vaclavik for support.

To shore up the secondary, which allowed 14 touchdowns last year, Running Back Raymond Clayborn has been moved to defensive half. Clayborn averaged five yards a carry in 1974, so the switch highlights how bad things were in the secondary. There will be other adjustments, but it may be up to a promising freshman, Stan Singleton, and transfer Alford Lee to pull things together.

"We're thin, very thin," says Royal. "We're not an outstanding team, but we have a chance."

All it may take is a little bit of luck and a whole lot of scratching.



It was regarded as a major upset at the time, but Michigan State was not all that surprised. In a marvelously exciting game with a fiery controversy over whether a last-second Ohio State touchdown should be allowed, the Spartans beat the Buckeyes 16–13 at East Lansing last November. What was generally overlooked in the postgame furor was that the Spartans were a very good young team, one that was to finish 7-3-1 and be ranked 12th in the country at season's end.

This year Coach Denny Stolz' young men could well contend for the Big Ten title, providing the first half of the schedule does not leave them shattered. In order, Michigan State must face Ohio State—and you can imagine how Woody Hayes regards that game—Miami of Ohio, unbeaten in 23 straight games, North Carolina State, Notre Dame and Michigan. The 1974 composite record of that formidable group was 49-7-2.

In Stolz' first two seasons as head coach at Michigan State, his big worry was a weak offense. Now, despite a dearth of wide receivers, the Spartans should be able to move the ball. Quarterback Charlie Baggett, whom Stolz rates "one of the best in the country," passed for 965 yards and 10 touchdowns last season and, as testimony to his versatility, picked up 748 yards and 11 touchdowns rushing. The regular MSU running backs, Levi Jackson and Rich Baes, are fast, experienced juniors. Jackson, whose 88-yard scoring run was the big play of the Ohio State upset, rushed for 942 yards, while Baes had 754.

"We don't know if we've got great runners or just a lot of good ones," Stolz says, "but we might move a running back to receiver or to defensive back."

The Spartans play respectable defense, and with eight starters back, the nucleus is there.

"We had so many young players last year," Stolz says, "we didn't really teach them very much. There wasn't time. We had to get right into the season. Now we're back to teaching them."

During the summer the NCAA took a close look at MSU recruiting policies and for a time it seemed as if the school might be placed on probation. No action has yet been taken, but the feeling around East Lansing is that it was Woody Hayes who blew the whistle. All of which adds fuel to the Ohio State rematch.

"We are well aware of whom we open with," Stolz says. "At every staff meeting there is some reference to Ohio State. The constant pressure in the back of our minds and in the back of our kids' minds is that we face Ohio State in the opener."

That sort of pressure could produce an abject collapse, but if the Spartans pass their opening psychological test, the Big Ten has a new contender.



It has taken three years, but the Aggies feel they are ready. The players are talking about winning the Southwest Conference title, conceivably the national championship. Even Coach Emory Bellard, a man not given to overstatement, says, "We'll be a better team this year."

The Aggies were pretty good in 1974. They finished 8-3, averaging 20 points a game and ranking second in the nation on defense. But they lost a chance to play in the Cotton Bowl when they were bombed by Texas in the season finale, which put them in a tie with the Longhorns for second in the conference. This year the Aggies have both Texas and Baylor at home.

The 32–3 Texas massacre is not likely to happen again, according to All-America Cornerback Pat Thomas. "We weren't consistent last season," Thomas says. "We'll play harder in '75."

The Aggie defense, which led the conference in every department, should remain strong despite the loss of five starters. The replacements, says Bellard, are "fully as capable," and they will join Thomas, All-Conference Linebacker Ed Simonini and two SWC second-team choices, Linebacker Garth Ten Napel and Safety Jackie Williams.

Given an option, or even a triple option, the Aggies will usually stay on the ground. As Bellard says, "Our philosophy is to run." A&M is abandoning the T-bone for the wishbone, today's popular offense which Bellard helped create in 1968 while he was an assistant to Darrell Royal at Texas. The Aggies also plan on using the I formation and a pro set to facilitate more passing. Quarterback David Walker returns, but he must compete with junior David Shipman, who was out with injuries last season, and senior Mike Jay. The three are considered about equal as passers, but Shipman is the biggest and strongest.

Center Henry Tracy is the only new starter on offense. He did well enough in spring practice to send his competition, Dennis Swilley, right back to tackle. In Richard Osborne, the Aggies have what Bellard considers one of the best tight ends in the country. Running Backs Bubba Bean, Skip Walker, Bucky Sams and Ronnie Hubby are all three-year lettermen who are survivors of Bellard's first team in 1972 that finished 3-8. Bean, All-SWC at halfback and the team's leading rusher last year with 938 yards, had "an outstanding spring." And if there are injuries in the backfield, Bellard has eight freshman runners he can turn to.

Last year Bellard predicted that his team would be 80% to 100% improved over the previous year, and it was—roughly 80%. This year he says, "The defense should be as good as last year, and offensively we'll be stronger."

That may not be enough for a national championship, but it could take the Aggies to the Cotton Bowl.

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FLORIDA

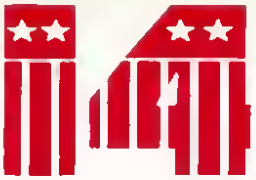
Judged by the players missing from last year's team, one might think the Florida Gators are in for a skinning. Lee McGriff was the best wide receiver in the Southeastern Conference. Linebackers Glenn Cameron and Ralph Ortega were first- and second-round draft choices. The offensive line lost four regulars. With these players, the Gators won eight of 11 games and played tough against Nebraska in the Sugar Bowl. Without them, surprisingly, they could do as well or better.

Not that Florida is about to win its first conference title in more than 40 years. Alabama should take care of that. But Coach Doug Dickey very wisely used as many youngsters as he could last season, preparing for the kind of losses that sent seven players into the pros. No one responded better than Tony Green, then a freshman, who broke the school's rushing record with 856 yards. A 5′9″, 183-pound speedster, he averaged 6.4 yards per carry. If he is Florida's Mr. Outside, then Fullback Jimmy DuBose is Mr. Inside. DuBose plowed up the middle for a five-yard average and never lost so much as a foot. Larry Brinson and James Richards shared time at the other halfback spot, compiling 794 yards and a 5.9 average between them.

Directing the attack is Quarterback Don Gaffney, who does not run well or pass well, but nevertheless manages to win. Since taking over in mid-1975 Gaffney has engineered 13 victories in 16 regular-season games and has taken the Gators to two bowls. Dickey wants better execution of the option, and Gaffney admits there were times last season when "it felt like going into a final exam and knowing I wasn't really ready for the multiple-choice questions." Senior Linemen Mike Williams and Gerald Loper will keep the opposing defenses busy while Gaffney tries to dope out the answers.

A big stumbling block for Gator opponents is Defensive Tackle Scott Hutchinson who, after only one season, is considered among the best ever to play in Gainesville. Assistant Coach Doug Knotts calls sophomore Charlie Williams, "the most reckless young linebacker I've ever coached," adding in wonderment, "My gosh, he has no concern for his own body, so you know how much he cares what happens to the ballcarrier." Also noteworthy is Defensive Back Alvin Cowans, who recovered five fumbles and intercepted two passes last year, and Wayne Fields, who has started 30 consecutive games for Florida.

Dickey is concerned about the schedule, but then, what coach isn't? Besides, last year's was just as tough and the Gators enjoyed their best season since Dickey's arrival in 1970. Eating so high on the hog has caused Assistant Coach Lambert Reed to observe, "People around here have found they like pork chops a whole lot better than pig's feet. So we're all working hard to keep eating pork chops."



NOTRE DAME

Even the Fighting Irish who, it seems, should be above such things, have found that there are times when the lure of lucre is irresistible. Offered a barrel of TV bucks, Notre Dame jiggered its schedule and, as a consequence, will wind up richer—and playing its first two games within a span of five days. And on the road as well.

The move was suggested by ABC, which said it would love to televise Notre Dame's opener at Boston College *but* on the Monday night following the scheduled Saturday date. That would mean the Irish would only have four days of rest before playing at Purdue, always a major headache for the Irish. O.K., said the South Bend brass, with new Head Coach Dan Devine concurring. "It's going to make it tough on us," says Devine, "but we need the money for some of our programs."

Even in one of Notre Dame's better years, playing two games in five days would be tough—and there is nothing to indicate that this will be one of the better years. For openers, in Devine's first season after returning from the NFL, everyone will need time to adjust to his system. Fortunately, or unfortunately, there are not too many offensive people left to make the adjustment, Guard Al Wujciak being the only returning starter.

Defensively, the Irish are better manned, having lost only five veterans while regaining Defensive Ends Willie Fry and Ross Browner and Safety Luther Bradley. That trio comes back after a year's suspension. As freshmen, Browner and Bradley both started for the 1973 national championship team. Fry would have been a starter last year.

The return of Fry and Browner has allowed Devine to shift defensive captain Jim Stock from end to linebacker, where Notre Dame has to replace two men. In addition, big Steve Niehaus will shift from end to tackle, another position left vacant by graduation.

While inexperienced offensively, the Irish expect to score a lot of points with a corps of their customary battering-ram backs. "In fact," says one of Devine's aides, "when you look back at the basic talent—the lack of quickness and speed, for example—you have to wonder just how Notre Dame was so consistently good. Ara Parseghian had a great system. He was a tough coach to play against."

"There is a tradition of winning here," says Devine. "That may not seem like an important factor, but I think it is. You don't go around doing a lot of hollering when you join a successful program. Nothing around here needed much of a change."

The Irish could use a quarterback, however. Frank Allocco is the most experienced, but he has played only 44 minutes. He is expected to share duties with Rick Slager, who is better known for his tennis. The first five days of the season could make the rest of it seem endless.

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The quarterback is a stumpy junior, with an arm that scares no one. The defense gave up 185 points in 12 games last season, and even that not-so-sterling group has been decimated by graduation. Only five starting defenders return, and things looked even bleaker when the man expected to be the best of them missed all of spring practice with a bum knee. The talent at most positions is so thin the pregame prayer will be an appeal to St. Jude.

Still, Houston should do well. First, there is the schedule, which is softer than a one-minute egg. The Cougars play everybody but Union College, and they only passed up the Dutchmen because nobody in Texas could spell Schenectady. Next season the Cougars join the Southwest Conference, where they've wanted to be for years, and meanwhile they've had to take what they could get. It's not their fault that the biggies were always out to lunch when they called to ask for a shoot-out.

As if that splendid schedule were not enough, Houston has an army of marvelous running backs and stunning receivers. The Cougars may yield a bushel of points, but they will score even more. In John Housman, a 6′3″, 200-pound junior, Houston may have the best fullback in its history. He's not speedy but he's strong, and he does not elude tacklers so much as he shucks them. A season ago he gained 988 yards and this year should do even better. The Cougars can also batter away with Dyral Thomas and Charles Lynch, and then storm the flanks with Donnie (Quick Draw) McGraw, Alois Blackwell and Emmett King, all of them pure runners. No wonder Houston ranked fourth in the nation last year in rushing. There is one problem: the Houston offensive line may lack the strength to provide Cougar runners with one basic necessity—daylight. Guard Val Belcher will be counted on heavily to provide running room.

The quarterback again will be Bubba McGallion, a junior who was almost redshirted last season. But when Houston's first two quarterbacks fizzled, in went McGallion, who may not be an artist, but has the rare ability to motivate. With him at the helm, the Cougars won six of their last seven games and tied North Carolina State 31–31 in the Astro-Bluebonnet Bowl.

A year ago the Cougars rated ninth in the country on defense, but melted like butter against the only good opponents they faced: Arizona State, Miami, Georgia, Tulsa and N.C. State. The defense will be strengthened if Lee Canalito, a fine 265-pound tackle who has been troubled by a knee injury since high school, is fit to play. Although seldom able to practice, he led the squad in tackles and assists last year. Also on hand is David Hodge, a linebacker-fullback who was voted the No. 1 high school player in Texas last season. For sure, Hodge won't be carrying the ball for Houston.



It is a measure of Maryland's aspirations that after two straight 8-3 seasons the Terps felt a pressing need to juggle their schedule so that they now open against a relative midget at home before taking on three giants on the road. To the pollsters, too often a win is a win is a win. But then, when you have lost 26 seniors, 16 of them starters, plus the finest placekicker and fourth-best punter in the nation, there is no shame in choosing to play Villanova as a warmup for consecutive games against Tennessee, North Carolina and Kentucky—away.

"We weren't thinking of victory, just of having a home opener before October," says Coach Jerry Claiborne, who in three seasons has taken Maryland from the depths of the ACC to the heights of bowl games and Top 20 consideration. "As it was, by the time we opened at home people might have forgotten us."

To replace Quarterback Bob Avellini, Claiborne has sophomore Mark Manges and ex-redshirt Larry Dick, and neither has much experience. So Maryland persuaded Villanova to change its date at College Park from Oct. 25 to this weekend. With the talent at Claiborne's command, the scheduling ploy may be all that Maryland needs to get off winging.

"Sure, you can call it a rebuilding year," says Claiborne. "But if you have a good program and you're doing your job well, you'll be graduating good people every year."

After last season, 11 of Claiborne's people were good enough to be drafted by the NFL, two signed as free agents, two more went to the WFL and another is playing in Canada. But such is the strength of Maryland's program that, of the 87 players listed on the current depth chart, 31 are lettermen. Veterans are expected to start at every position, and only two will be sophomores. And the experience gained against Villanova won't hurt a bit.

Among the more notable Terps are Rick Jennings, a sprinter who joined the varsity midway through his freshman year and has averaged 4.6 yards on 202 carries, and John Schultz, a veteran wingback used mostly in short-yardage situations, who last season scored nine times, all but one from within the 10. They are but two of the 17 veterans returning to the offensive unit, although only three—Schultz, Guard John Nash and Tackle John Zernhelt—started in the Liberty Bowl.

Defensively, Maryland is in the same position: few returning starters but a ton of talent. Claiborne expects much from Jim Brechbriel, Maryland's leading pass interceptor, and LeRoy Hughes, a 5′8″ end who rams into pass pockets like a bowling ball. Tackle Ralph Fisher has All-Conference capability, but the man he replaces, Randy White, was everybody's All-America. The Terps may lose a game (Penn State) or two (Tennessee), but probably no more.

CONTINUED

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UCLA has fielded some fine quarterbacks, notably Bill Kilmer, Bob Waterfield and 1967 Heisman Trophy winner Gary Beban. Now the publicity drums are beating loudly for senior John Sciarra (pronounced sharah). Second-year Head Coach Dick Vermeil calls Sciarra "the premier quarterback in the nation," a "really good college passer" and other predictable things.

"He does it all," said Vermeil during spring practice. "He's throwing better today than he did before he got hurt last year. As a passer he's probably not a Pat Haden, but put everything he can do together and there isn't anyone around like him."

Everything he can do includes play baseball, rush for big yardage and run the veer offense. Against Tennessee last season he accumulated 390 yards total offense, and he was averaging 176 when he broke the fibula in his right leg in the seventh game. Sciarra seemed well recovered in the final scrimmage last spring, when he hit eight of 13 passes for 130 yards and three touchdowns and ran for 57 yards in five carries.

But for Sciarra to become UCLA's second Heisman quarterback, the Bruins must overcome defensive problems and finish high in the polls. The unproven defensive unit is a nagging worry for Vermeil because UCLA faces such powerhouses as Tennessee, Ohio State and, as always, USC. In finishing 6-3-2 last year, the Bruins gave up 15.8 points a game, second-best in the league behind USC. "We were not particularly pleased with our defense," says Vermeil. "In the long run we'll be better." It won't be easy. UCLA must replace 10 starters and get a full year's duty from big, quick Nose Guard Cliff Frazier. The 6′ 5½″, 254-pound former tackle is a theater-arts major from Baldwin, Mo. who plays piano, drums, organ and guitar—and sings. But he hit a discordant note in the opener last season, hurting his left ankle and, later on, his right ankle and right knee. The only fulltime starter returning is Linebacker Dale Curry, the team's second-leading tackler last season. The secondary is callow if not shallow, although Free Safety Pat Schmidt looked good in the spring.

Sciarra has better troops on offense, especially Split End Norm Andersen, Running Back Wendell Tyler, Tight End Rick Walker and Right Guard Randy Cross. Andersen's 27 catches for 480 yards won him a place on the coaches' all-league team, and Tyler is the Bruins' leading returning rusher, with 544 yards despite missing the last two games. UCLA lost a fine prospect when a much-sought-after high school star, Running Back Myron White, signed a baseball contract with the Dodgers. However, Vermeil and his staff did a good job of mining the state's talent-rich high schools and junior colleges, and some of those people will no doubt be starting by midseason.



Johnny Majors lacks a quarterback, has an inexperienced offensive line and two new headaches on his schedule—Oklahoma and Georgia—but his main concern is his seniors. There aren't enough of them. Of the dozen starters returning this fall, only three are seniors. That worries Majors.

"A team must have those good seniors to provide leadership," he says. "The big question is whether anyone's going to step forward and do it."

While waiting for a leader to emerge, the Panthers are also going to be keeping an eye out for that quarterback. Bill Daniels, who led them to two winning seasons and a Fiesta Bowl appearance, has graduated, and the candidate of the moment is junior Robert Haygood, who has yet to throw a pass in a game. If you think that's bad, no other prospect has even taken a snap from center.

The two veterans left on the offensive line, which was none too strong last year, are 250-pound Tackle Joe Stone and sophomore Guard Tom Brzoza. Brzoza, starting as a freshman, held his own in the last two games against All-Americas Mike Fanning of Notre Dame and Mike Hartenstein of Penn State, but with three places to be filled, it is going to be an inexperienced line fronting for a green quarterback.

However, in running and receiving, the Panthers will be strong and deep. Tony Dorsett is a junior this fall, and he will be aiming for his third 1,000-yard season. In only the third game of his sophomore year he became Pitt's alltime leading rusher and by the end of the season he had a career total of 2,690 yards and 24 touchdowns.

Dorsett missed one game in 1974, a 35–24 win over Temple. His understudy was a freshman from Miami, Elliott Walker, who grabbed his opportunity and ran 169 yards and scored four touchdowns. Don't be surprised to see both operating in the same backfield this autumn.

In senior Split End Karl Farmer, Pitt has a sprinter (46.4 for the 440) who got free for four touchdowns in 1974. Tight End Jim Corbett, with 16 catches for 202 yards and one touchdown, was greatly improved. But the catch of the year is Split End Gordon Jones, a hot property out of East Allegheny High in New Versailles, Pa., who is expected to begin contributing immediately.

Majors has to fill the gaping hole left by All-America Middle Guard Gary Burley, but everything considered, the biggest stumbling block to the Panthers' improving on their 7-4 record is their schedule. Pitt opens against Georgia and Oklahoma and closes against Notre Dame and Penn State.

However, when Penn State beat Pitt in the final game last year and Joe Paterno was asked how long it would take the Panthers to reach Penn State's level, he replied, "They're there." And so they may be.

CONTINUED



Razorback fans have had little to yell "pig sooey" about recently. The Hogs have not won a Southwest Conference title in six years and haven't been to a bowl game since 1971. Throughout the 1960s Coach Frank Broyles could take a Top 20 ranking for granted, but he has been 6-5, 5-5-1 and 6-4-1 the last three seasons.

Hopes rose briefly in 1973 and '74 when Broyles twice landed the brightest high school prospects in the state, but they sank when both players, Halfback Jerry Eckwood and Linebacker Dennis Winston, suffered disk injuries. Now things are looking up again. For one, Eckwood, who a little more than a year ago was bedridden with a partially paralyzed leg, underwent enzyme injections and seems to have recovered. Early in spring practice he blasted up the middle on a 70-yard scoring run. Broyles was jubilant. "He didn't miss a single down in the 20 days," he said. "I couldn't believe any of it. He can do it all—run, throw, kick and block, block, block."

Eckwood will team with Fullback Ike Forte, who gained 974 yards rushing last year in spite of a painful toe injury, and Rolland Fuchs, an improved fifth-year senior. Broyles calls the trio "the three best running backs in this part of the country," which presumably does not extend west into Oklahoma.

After an uncomfortable year with the wishbone, Broyles is returning to what he knows best—a run-pass offense, this time a veer T. He has strong running backs for the two-back offense and a multitalented, though relatively inexperienced, quarterback in senior Mike Kirkland. Kirkland's passing brings to mind Jon Brittenum and the good old days of 1965.

Broyles likes to tell his team, "We need depth in our dedication." He could also use some on defense. In fact, depth is a concern at every position. "My coaching staff tells me we're going to have a good defense," said Broyles last spring. "I hope they're right. Our down linemen are going to be the shortest and lightest of any team we see, for sure."

Half of the 1974 secondary is gone, but much is expected of Howard Sampson, a promising sophomore cornerback. Linebacker Winston, the other slipped-disk case, underwent the same treatment that cured Eckwood and, as the start of the season neared, seemed to be all right, too.

Defensive end is in the capable hands of two-time All-Conference Ivan Jordan and juniors Johnnie Meadors and William Watkins. "They are all great athletes," says Broyles, "the kind who are even more important than linebackers against option attacks."

A few great athletes with depth in their dedication—and their disks in the right places—and the fans can start calling the hogs again.



In the halcyon days at Boston College, those prewar years when Frank Leahy and Denny Myers coached and Mike Holovak carried the football, Boston went absolutely daft over the upstart Jesuit school in Chestnut Hill. From 1939 to 1942 tiny B.C. played in Cotton, Sugar and Orange Bowls, stirring a nationwide fervor that gave rise to a vast, rabid subway alumni. It was said that the Eagles ought to play the Chicago Bears, because only the Bears could beat them. But so long ago were those days that Boston College's subway alumni are now known as the Balding Eagles. And not since the war ended have they so anticipated the opening of an Eagles season.

"I'm excited myself," says Coach Joe Yukica, a hard-bitten Pennsylvanian from the anthracite fields of Midland. Yukica was hired in 1968, although he hadn't applied for a job. Athletic Director Bill Flynn discovered him coaching at New Hampshire and was impressed with his credentials: player under Rip Engle at Penn State, recruiter for Bob Blackman at Dartmouth, coach with experience and contacts in New England. At B.C., Yukica has been digging prospects out of the coal area of his birth and luring many of New England's top high school stars. He finds talent and signs it. The NFL drafted eight Eagles in 1974. Yukica's record is 47-25, the best at B.C. since Leahy left in 1940. Considering the current Eagle offense, it can only improve.

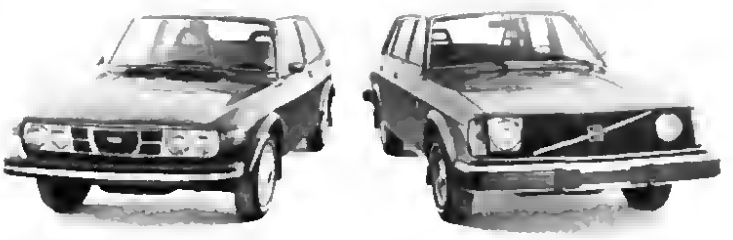
Just about everybody that matters is back from last season, when the Eagles (8-3) averaged 406 yards a game and scored 50 touchdowns. They closed with six victories in a row, outscoring opponents 270–27. At quarterback is Mike Kruczek, who completed 68.9% of his passes to break the old NCAA record. Back, too, are Fullback Keith Barnette (6′2″, 195 pounds), the nation's highest scorer (134 points), and Dave Zumbach, who caught 43 passes for 557 yards. Zumbach needs five receptions to become B.C.'s alltime leader. Five others who started by season's end also return, most notably Linemen Don Macek and Steve Schindler and Halfback Earl Strong. All-America Tackle Al Krevis is gone, but replacement Tom Lynch, switching from defense, was impressive in spring practice. B.C.'s one worry is linebacking, all four 1974 starters having departed. Kevin Cunniff and Rick Scudellari have some game time, and Dave Almeida, formerly a cornerback, has moved in.

Sometimes destiny works in strange ways. Opening week, two longstanding prayers of Boston football fans are going to be answered: 1) B.C. will field a team talented enough to get a bowl bid, and 2) Notre Dame will appear in Boston for the first time in 31 years. Trouble is, Notre Dame arrives in town to *play* B.C. "Just 20 months ago," says Yukica, "they were national champions. Now we play them on national TV. It's just right for our program."

Lately, Joe, what hasn't been?

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CONFERENCES

SOUTHEASTERN

This powerhouse conference was at its best last year, winning 78% of its non-league games and placing seven teams in bowls and five in the Top 20. Only one school, Mississippi, had a losing season, but despite wholesale shuffling of personnel and new offensive and defensive formations, the Rebels will not do much better than 3-8 again this year.

Another once-proud power fallen on hard times is LSU, whose 5-5-1 record was its worst in 17 years. The Tigers have veered from the veer, but the multiple I may not be much better without a capable quarterback or ball carrier to make it go. The defense is more dependable, especially with Steve Cassidy at tackle.

Mississippi State, Tennessee and Kentucky all seem to be a quarterback away from success. The Bulldogs blossomed to 9-3 last year and could do as well if Coach Bob Tyler adequately replaces league MVP Rockey Felker. Tailback Walter Packer led the SEC in rushing, and Guard Harvey Hull heads a veteran defense. At Tennessee, Quarterback Condredge Holloway is gone, but junior Randy Wallace will try to fill the void. Most of the other positions are set, with such top performers as Tailback Stanley Morgan, Split End Larry Seivers, Tackle Mickey Marvin and Linebacker Andy Spiva returning.

Improving Kentucky will also miss its quarterback, Mike Fanuzzi, but Halfback Sonny Collins runs behind an experienced line. Collins gained 970 yards last year despite missing the final 2½ games with a broken leg. If he stays healthy, he should become the league's top career ground-gainer and continue the Wildcats' steady climb under Coach Fran Curci.

Georgia and Vanderbilt are contrasting studies. The Bulldogs have a veteran offense that averaged 29 points and 280 yards a game in a 6-6 season. Quarterback Matt Robinson and Halfback Glynn Harrison will have to sparkle again because the defense is suspect. The opposite is true at Vanderbilt, where new Coach Fred Pancoast inherits 10 defensive starters, including Safety Jay Chesley, but has some gaping holes on offense. The quarterback problem should be solved by the return of Fred Fisher, who missed five games last season after starring as a sophomore. Even so, the Commodores enjoyed a 7-3-2 record, their best in 19 years. With Fisher full time, they could do as well.

BIG EIGHT

Offense will again predominate in the Big Eight, especially at Colorado where Bill Mallory has the happy problem of trying to fit uniforms on a line that averages 6′ 5½″ and 261 pounds. Of more serious concern is the Colorado defense, the Big Eight's worst a year ago, which Mallory has tried to treat with a liberal injection of Vitamin JC. On offense, the Buffaloes have an outstanding wide receiver in Dave Logan and a workmanlike quarterback in Dave Williams, who, with help from the Goliaths up front, should abet the running of Billy Waddy and Terry Kunz. An improvement on last year's 5-6 record seems likely.

Missouri's offense ripped off almost 3,170 yards last fall on the way to a 7-4 season, Tony Galbreath rushing for 870 yards and going 5 for 5 and three touchdowns with the halfback option pass. However, the Tigers will be relying more on the arm of Steve (Zark) Pisarkiewicz, who threw for 828 yards and six touchdowns. Defense should be the most acute headache for Al Onofrio.

Oklahoma State ended its season by winning the Fiesta Bowl, but Jim Stanley will have to rebuild his defense and improve the Cowboy passing attack for similar postseason joy. A good corps of receivers should make the job easier for Quarterback Charlie Weatherbie. A solid tackle tandem of James White and Phillip Ookes gives Stanley something to build on.

Iowa State should have no trouble filling its new 50,000-seat stadium despite last year's 4-7 record. Luther Blue, second in the nation at returning kickoffs last fall, will be zigzagging again. Watching him will elate Cyclone fans. Watching him catch Wayne Stanley's passes will depress Cyclone foes.

Bud Moore, a former Bear Bryant aide, is the new coach at Kansas, Oon Fambrough having resigned after the Jayhawks won only one conference game. Moore, an offensive specialist, has installed the wishbone.

Kansas State, as has been said so often in recent years, is rebuilding.

BIG TEN

If the rigid pecking order here is altered, Wisconsin may be the team to move up. The Badgers, who suffered three of their four 1974 losses by a total of 14 points, rushed for 3,162 yards, beat Nebraska and had their first winning season in a decade. However, Coach John Jardine must come up with a quarterback to feed the ball to Tailback Billy Marek (5′ 8″, 188 pounds), who ran for 1,215 yards, 304 of them against Minnesota. Dan Kopina, who threw but four passes, is the likely starter. Wisconsin needs bolstering at receiver and defensive end and all kinds of luck to get by Michigan in the opening game.

Purdue has a lulu of a schedule. Following their opener, the Boilermakers take on Notre Dame, which they've nailed 13 times in their last 25 games, USC and Miami of Ohio. Down the stretch on successive weekends come Ohio State, Michigan State and Michigan. Despite the loss of Larry Burton, Purdue's offense should roll with Mark Vitali at quarterback and the rushing of Scott Dierking and Mike Pruitt. Tackle Ken Novak (6′ 7″, 275 pounds) returns to head the defense.

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prove on a 4-7 season. He could use a pro-style passer as well, since Tony Dungy, who is being challenged by sophomore Marc Trestman for the starting job, completed only 39 of 94.

Throwing, tackling and remaining healthy will be the primary concerns for Illinois. Bob Blackman lost nearly his entire defense after the team's first winning season since 1965, but Jim Kopatz will be at quarterback again. Indiana has nine starters returning on offense, which would be fine if they were returning from something better than a 1-10 record. Lee Corso should get good mileage from Terry Jones, who led the league in passing, and from Courtney Snyder, an All-Big Ten halfback. The Hoosier defense, however, allowed 27 points and 417 yards per game.

Iowa fans will groove over Jim Jensen (6'4", 222 pounds), who could finish the year as the Hawkeyes' alltime best ballcarrier. Bob Commings also has another good secondary but too brutal a schedule. Northwestern, despite the best efforts of Running Back Jim Pooler, is unlikely to rise.

SOUTHWEST

Two years ago Baylor lost every conference game. Last year Baylor went to the Cotton Bowl on an 8-3 record, having knocked off Texas, Arkansas and Texas Tech along the way. And so, the '75 season is an encore to a miracle and, no matter what happens, it will be a bit of a letdown. Graduation took the flower of the offensive backfield and five regulars on defense, including All-America Linebacker Derrel Luce and All-Conference Cornerback Tommy Turnipseede. Mark Jackson, who was an outstanding replacement for Neal Jeffrey against Arkansas and Texas Tech, will quarterback, but he will have to cut his teeth on Ole Miss, Auburn and Michigan. If Jackson, a good runner, works out as a passer, and if Coach Grant Teaff can find a couple of linebackers, and if the rest of the defense can recover from its losses, the Bears could be bullish. A long shot perhaps, but Baylor is used to being that.

SMU, 6-4-1 last year, has the offense guided by junior Quarterback Ricky Wesson, a 165-pound scrambler who passed for nine TDs and ran for 10 in 1974. But graduation scattered the defense; for the Mustangs to record their fourth straight winning season requires shoring it up.

Rice, with a student body of only 2,400, not only fields a football team but has the temerity to take on Notre Dame and LSU. Last year the team was young and green and wound up 2-8-1. This year, with 16 regulars returning, the Owls will be wiser, and their running game, which failed them last year, will be reinforced by some talented freshmen.

TCU has the two best passers in the conference in Lee Cook (106 of 237 for 1,191 yards) and backup Jimmy Dan Elzner (28 of 89 for 427), but not much else. The Horned Frogs might improve on their miserable 1-10 last year, but playing Nebraska, Alabama and Arizona State isn't going to help.

IVY LEAGUE

Brown used to be the butt of all sorts of old Ivy jokes, but no one has been laughing at the Bruins lately. In fact, isn't it about time to break them up? They had the third-best rushing defense in the country last year (108 yards per game), and John Anderson has already done what no other Brown coach has been able to do since the middle '50s: put two winning seasons back to back.

With 18 starters returning, all Brown lacked, it seemed, was a quarterback. To fill that void it can thank Vermont for folding its team and delivering 6'6" Bob Bateman, who passed for more than 1,800 yards last year. Linebacker Paul Serrano and Tackle Phil Bartlett lead the defense. And for close games, Anderson has Jose Vilante, best Ivy placekicker since the Gogolaks (two 49-yarders in 1974).

Folks around The Hub bemoan the loss of Split End Pat McInally, Harvard's first All-America since 1941. But then, the Crimson doesn't have anyone who could have thrown to him, anyway. Coach Joe Restic will count on his running game, so all he needs is someone to give the ball to last year's leading rusher, Tommy Winn, or Fullback Neal Miller. Princeton dropped four of its last five games, but Coach Bob Casciola has veteran Quarterback Ron Beible, who could establish new Tiger passing records, and Fullback Bob Reid. With 15 starters on hand, Princeton has its best title chance since 1969.

Carmen Cozza of Yale doesn't get bothered when fans mourn the loss of a good senior class. They were depressed in 1969 after the Calvin Hill-Brian Dowling group departed, but Cozza won another co-championship. Just three offensive regulars are back from last year's co-champs and—guess what?—no quarterback. But only Michigan yielded fewer points per game and most of the Eli defenders return.

Dartmouth's superb linebackers, Reggie Williams and Skip Cummins, provide an excellent defensive nucleus, but offensive inconsistency cost the Big Green its sixth straight title last season. Mike Brait moves in at quarterback. Penn's got problems now that Adolph (Beep Beep) Bellizeare is gone but the Quakers still have the league's best returning runner, Jack Wixted. George Seifert, Cornell's new coach, neglected to bring a quarterback with him from Stanford, so All-Ivy Split End Bruce Starks is bound to be lonely. Columbia should improve on its 1-8 record, although attendance may dwindle even more now that New York City's subway fare has gone up.

PACIFIC EIGHT

While USC was winning the Rose Bowl and a share of the national championship last year, the rest of the Pacific Eight was suffering one embarrassment after another. The seven other schools won only 10 of 28 nonconference games, and the 10 victories came against opponents whose combined winning percentage was .410.

After opening 0-3-1 outside the league, Stanford came on to finish second in the Pacific Eight with a 5-1-1 record. This season the Cardinals are in deep water again, with opening road games against Penn State and Michigan. The quarterback will be either Mike Cordova, who started all but two games last year, or Guy Benjamin, who came off the bench to help the Indians finish strong. Tony Hill is one of several fine receivers, and the Cardinal coaches believe Ron Inge can put some sock in a punchless running attack. The young defense will try to rally 'round End Duncan McColl, Linebacker Gez Church and Back Paul Skrabo.

California improved to 7-3-1 last year, its third straight gain under Coach Mike White. The offense has a couple of all-conference performers in Wide Receiver Steve Rivera and Halfback Chuck Munsie and a gaping hole at quarterback where Steve Bartkowski starred. The All-America's likely successor is either Fred Besana or Joe Roth. Middle Guard Paul Von der Mehden and Tackle Chuck Hextrum are standouts on defense.

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Don James, formerly of Kent State, inherits a veteran Washington team that finished 5-6 last season. There seems to be more experience than talent on defense, however, and the new I formation needs a capable tailback. The strengths include 6′5″, 245-pound Fullback Robin Earl, who switched from tight end after four games last year, and Center Ray Pinney. The weaknesses will be exposed by Arizona State, Texas and Alabama.

Washington State is another veteran team, but it may be looking for new blood after a 2-9 season. Oregon State, 3-8 last year, is "much stronger," according to Coach Dee Andros, who welcomes back Tight End Dave Brown and Linebacker Bob Horn. Oregon Coach Don Read also expects improvement from a Duck team that finished 2-9 in 1974 and ranked at the bottom of the league in scoring and scoring defense. Transfer Quarterback Phil Brus or his rival, sophomore Jack Henderson, will lead the search for respectability, but it will have to start with Game Two. The opener: Oklahoma.

PCAA

San Diego State is favored to win its fourth-straight Pacific Coast Athletic Association title this year, and Quarterback Craig Penrose seems destined to lead the nation in passing. In 1969, '71 and '73 the country's top throwers were Aztecs Dennis Shaw, Brian Sipe and Jesse Freitas, all transfer students. And the 6′3″, 215-pound Penrose, a transfer from Colorado two years ago, has more than circumstance in his favor. He ranked seventh in the nation last season while leading the Aztecs to an 8-2-1 record. Other blue-chippers back from that team are Defensive End Greg Boyd and Nose Guard Mike Gilbert.

While his San Jose State rival, Craig Kimball, is gone, Penrose may be hard pressed by Neftali (Nef) Cortez of Fresno State, who threw for 1,916 yards and 15 touchdowns in '74. The Battlin' Bulldog secondary was the best in the league, and three men return: Al Alaman, Mike Jackson and Calvin Lane. San Jose's offense will miss Kimball, but the Spartan defense should be tough. It is anchored by 6′5″, 275-pound Tackle Wilson Faumuina, whom Coach Darryl Rogers considers the best in the nation.

Pacific lacks overall experience but claims the league's outstanding offensive lineman, Tackle Morrison England. Cal State-Fullerton has a new coach, Jim Colletto, but modest prospects. Running Back Roe McClendon will help if he holds on to the ball—he fumbled 17 times last season. Long Beach State had an improved 6-5 record in 1974, and with new Quarterback Joe Paopao the 49ers should do even better.

ATLANTIC COAST

A couple of years ago, if you asked an ACC student what he thought of football he'd probably have said, "I think they play it before basketball." Last season the ACC had its first winning record over nonconference opponents in 17 years and sent three teams to major bowl games. It shouldn't take long for the fans along Tobacco Road to forget David—uh—Thompson.

If North Carolina State follows Lou Holtz' grand plan for 1975, the Wolfpack should have its fourth straight 400-yard, 30-point-per-game offense. The plan is called "Keep Dave Buckey healthy," and it is the key to avenging 1974 losses to North Carolina and Maryland and the key to heaven if the Pack can beat Michigan State and Penn State. Buckey passed for 1,481 yards (64.8%) and knows all the moves of his favorite receiver, twin brother Don, whom he hit 26 times last year. There are no experienced ballcarriers, but Holtz has a 6′1″ freshman jewel named Rickey Adams. Six starters return to the defense, notably Cornerback Ralph Stringer.

Clemson had its best record (7-4) since 1959, and 48 veterans are back, including All-America Tight End Bennie Cunningham. A happy addition for Coach Red Parker is 6′5″ sophomore Wide Receiver Stan Rome, who shot the eyes out as a freshman basketball star in Clemson's 83 82 upset over Maryland last winter. Only four starters are gone from the defensive unit, and season-ticket sales are better than ever.

Duke, with 35 returnees, may have its best team in 10 years, but also its worst schedule: six nonconference road games, beginning with USC and including Pitt, Florida and Georgia Tech. But that might only make life miserable for the four ACC foes who must visit Durham, especially since the Blue Devils did not lose a home game last year.

North Carolina has only six seniors, and none of them is All-ACC Quarterback Chris Kupec, who lost a court battle for an extra year of eligibility and took off for the WFL. It does have a pair of 1,000-yard tailbacks in James (Boom Boom) Betterson and Mike Voight. Beginning his second year at Virginia, Sonny Randle announced, "I only know one way. The players are going to have to accept me for what I am." So 18 of them quit. Still around are Quarterback Scott Gardner and Running Back Joe Sroba, but only three regulars return from a bad defense. And Wake Forest, which went five straight games without scoring a point last year, *will not*, on consecutive Saturdays, have to play Oklahoma, Penn State and Maryland. The combined score of that series last year was 165–0.

WESTERN

He who rides a tiger is afraid to dismount. That proverb pretty much sums up Arizona in its role as favorite in the WAC. The tiger, of course, is Arizona State, which leads the nation in scoring over the past five years and has grown accustomed to winning a) at least 10 games a year, b) the WAC title and c) the Fiesta Bowl. State Coach Frank Kush, who believes it is better to die an infant than miss a block, is shouldering part of the blame for the Sun Devils' skid to 7-5 last season. Kush says he went overboard, letting players choose their own hair length and decide whether they wanted to live off-campus. "I hedged my beliefs," he warns. "But no more."

Cracked down upon or not, Fast Freddie Williams, the WAC's top rusher, and End John Jefferson will continue to light up the scoreboard. All-America Linebacker Bob Breunig is gone, but with eight returnees, the tightest defense against scoring in the WAC last year is not about to crumble. Top veteran is Mike Haynes, who led the nation in interceptions (11). Notably, Kush's Kids of 1974 are one year older, and only 11 of them are seniors.

The good news for defending champion Brigham Young is that Jay Miller has recovered from his knee injury. His 100 catches in 1973 led the country. The bad news is that more than half of last year's starters have split, among them Gary Sheide, who lost the national passing title to Steve Bartkowski by one completion. With Sheide gone, the most feared passer from Juarez to Saskatchewan will be Colorado State's Mark Driscoll, who threw for 19 TDs last year. Stardom also awaits CSU Linebacker Kevin McLain and Ron Harris, the na-

continued

tion's leading freshman running back. In fact, the Rams (4-6-1) might start winning despite having lost four-fifths of their offensive interior.

Rising, too, is Texas-El Paso (4-7), where Coach Gil Bartosh and Quarterback Bobby McKinley had promising rookie years. New Mexico (4-6-1) brings back Steve Myer, the country's pass-completion leader until he was injured in the sixth game, and the second-most accurate placekicker around, Bob (Ice) Berg. Fred Akers is the new coach at Wyoming (2-9), a neighbor of Utah (1-10) in more ways than one.

SOUTHERN

VMI could mean Very Much Improved. Opening last season with a grim 20-84 10-year record, no proven quarterback and a coach who last had a winning team at Hampden-Sydney back in the '50s, the Keydets surprised even themselves by winning seven games and the SC title, VMI's first since 1962. Middle Guard Phil Upton and nine other starters return to a defense that limited six conference opponents to just 56 points. Back, too, is Ronnie Moore, already the owner of every VMI pass-catching record and a premier punt returner who averages 14.9 yards whenever he handles the football. Departed is Ronnie Norman, VMI's first 1,000-yard rusher, although Tailback Kim Glidewell returns, it is Andre Gibson who may electrify Keydet fans. Quarterback could be a problem.

Appalachian (6-5) also was surprising, finishing half a game behind VMI in its major-college debut. The Mountaineers, young and deep, have 17 starters back, not counting Joe Parker, the nation's top punter. The list does include Devon Ford, whose 568-yard punt return mark was the ninth best ever.

Furman (5-6) and The Citadel (4-7) expect better things. Plagued by injury last year, the Paladins dropped three games by less than a touchdown. To surpass .500 they need only be luckier. Coach Bobby Ross says current receivers "may be the best The Citadel's ever had." Perhaps, but remember that Ross only arrived there last year. He does have Andrew Johnson, the nation's sixth-leading runner, and a comforting schedule that lists four conference games at home and no more Navys or Tulanes.

East Carolina lost 18 seniors for the second year in a row—too many, since it has added games with North Carolina and Virginia, both of them on the road.

Its defense rebuilt, Richmond now needs an offense, and William & Mary must make do without Quarterback Bill Deery, who produced half of the Indian yardage in 1974, his senior year. Davidson is ineligible for the title since it plays only three conference games.

MID-AMERICAN

Miami of Ohio was undefeated last year, clear through the Tangerine Bowl in which it marched over Georgia 21–10. This year a schedule that includes Michigan State and Purdue may bring an end to the Redskins' 23-game undefeated streak and Top 20 eminence, but it is not likely to end their domination of the MAC. The offensive backfield is back en masse. Quarterback Sherman Smith, a strong runner who could turn out to be a good passer, filled in late last season, and though he passed only 42 times, he completed 22. If any conference opponent can knock off Miami, it is Kent State, whose defense is as good as ever and whose fourth-year quarterback, Greg Kokal, threw for 1,265 yards and 10 touchdowns last season despite an injured shoulder.

Toledo has an even better passer in senior Gene Swick. He led the nation's quarterbacks with 2,441 total yards on a 62% completion average. But Swick's top *five* receivers have graduated. Coach Jack Murphy did a lot of shuffling in spring practice, and if the replacements, abetted by a veteran interior offensive line, can learn fast, the Rockets could soar once more.

Central Michigan, Northern Illinois and Ball State all make their debuts in the MAC this season, and Eastern Michigan will join up next year. Central Michigan was national champion in the College Division in 1974 and had a 12-1 record, but the competition will be tougher, and that should reduce the Chippewas' wins. Bowling Green would flourish around Halfback Dave Preston if the Falcons only had a defense. The line is fine, but the linebackers are gone and the secondary is weak again. Ohio U has lost Quarterback Rich Bevly, and the three possible replacements threw a total of only 14 passes last year. Western Michigan has installed the power I. Sollie Boone, a freshman, will probably quarterback, and if he is as apt a pupil as he is a runner, the Broncos will be bucking for advancement.

MISSOURI VALLEY

With North Texas State and Louisville going independent, the Incredible Shrinking MVC has slipped, since 1973, from eight members to seven to five. Ranking the remains according to their title chances, you have: 1) Tulsa.

The Golden Hurricane, coming off its first national ranking since 1967, again features the exciting air show of Jeb Blount (1,831 yards, 15 TDs, 55% completions) to Steve Largent (14 TDs, most in the land). Tulsa shook off the effects of a 60–0 drubbing by Arkansas and ran roughshod through the Valley last year, scoring 200 points in six MVC games and whipping all but one other foe by at least three touchdowns apiece. Opponents may as well watch last year's game films because 10 Hurricane offensive starters are back. Compact and sure-handed, Largent elicits memories of Howard Twilley, Tulsa's star of the '60s. Blount, a classic drop-back passer, suits the Hurricane pro set perfectly. Assisting in the air show are All-MVC Linemen Greg Fairchild and Wes Hamilton and Flanker Jessie Green who has more speed, spring and NFL suitors than Largent. The defense needs a few fill-ins, but Coach F. A. Dry hasn't the nerve to say so out loud.

Less successful, but more thrilling than Tulsa, is New Mexico State (5-6). Or at least it was last year, when the Aggies sweated out six games that were decided by three points or fewer, half in the last 30 seconds. NMS lost four of the six, but the experience may help. So should the lines, particularly the offensive front (Aggie backs gained 2,497 yards), which is deep enough to leave Coach Jim Bradley feeling secure about moving both starting tackles, Andre Anderson and Zack Carter, to defense. All-America Guard Carl Dean stays put, naturally.

West Texas State, a three-point victim at Tulsa, has a lot of monsters back in its trenches (seven on offense, five on defense), but the Buffaloes, who averaged just 4.5 completions, have lost Tracy Dickson and Merced Solis, their best receivers. Fullback Jim Herndon (six yards per carry) returns to Drake, which set a school rushing record of 2,124 yards. But its three top receivers also are gone. Wichita State (1-9-1) is flooded with JC transfers and last year's record number (22) of freshmen. For orientation, they will get to meet Oklahoma State, Kansas State and Colorado.

CONTINUED

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SONY

MIDDLE OF THE MIDDLE OF THE PACK

Pepper Rodgers, twice Coach of the Year in both the Big Eight and the Pacific Eight, returned to Georgia Tech last season where, as a player in 1951-53, he helped lead the Yellow Jackets to a 32-2-2 record and victory in two Sugar Bowls and an Orange Bowl. As the bumper stickers in Atlanta proclaimed: PEPPER HAS PUT THE STING BACK IN.

Giving his players and staff a crash course he called "pure vanilla wishbone," Rodgers moved Danny Myers, a sophomore defensive back, to quarterback and shifted Dave Sims (6′ 3″, 225 pounds) from tight end to running back. Tech then rushed for a school-record 288 yards a game and won five of its last seven, including the 34–14 finale over Georgia, to finish 6-5. Sims gained 881 yards, another school record, and Myers added 489. This season they rejoin 13 other starters, among them Lucius Stonewall Sanford, who accounted for 124 tackles as a freshman linebacker, and Tight End Steve Raible, a 9.5 sprinter. After seven 1974 games and two dozen opposition TDs, the young 4-3-4 defense also caught on, yielding just four touchdowns in the last four games. The pure vanilla experience, plus eight home games (out of 11) will now make anything under 7-4 a disappointment.

At Memphis State, Richard Williamson enjoys a luxury uncommon among new head coaches. He has little rebuilding to do. The defense, which held foes to an average of 13 points a game last year, has nine starters returning, including Cornerback Eric Harris and standout Tackles Eary Jones (6′ 4″, 265 pounds) and Ken Niemaseck (6′ 1″, 247 pounds). A veer has been installed in the hope that freshman Elgin Stewart, a prep phenom from Louisiana, or sophomore Kippy Brown can direct it.

Miami fans again will witness the nation's best football, but, as usual, most of it will be played by Hurricane opponents. Oklahoma, Colorado, Houston, Notre Dame and Florida are on the home schedule, and Nebraska, Boston College and Georgia Tech will be played away—a nightmare for new Coach Carl Selmer, who inherits just nine starters. Defensive Tackle Gary Dunn, grandson of the school's founder, is being touted as All-America. The Hurricanes have a couple of speedy running backs. Here's hoping they get some holes.

Tulane won five in a row last year, then skidded into a six-game losing streak. Gone are All-America Tackle Charlie Hall and all but one starter in the secondary, the seventh best in the nation against the pass. But back are Mark Olivari, who made 119 tackles and had 12 sacks; seven of Tulane's top eight runners; and Receiver Jaime Garza, the Green Wave's alltime touchdown-pass leader. Tulane presumably benefits by playing seven games in its new home, the Superdome. Bobby Collins becomes coach of Southern Mississippi, which at first glance appeared to have been a remarkable road team in 1974, winning six away games. But a closer look reveals the Golden Eagles also dropped five games on the road and must play another full season away; the school's stadium will not be completed until 1976.

The good news: Florida State has 16 starters back. The bad news: the Seminoles are 1-21 the past two years. Greg Johnson (6′ 4″, 240 pounds) again leads the defense, which prevented Alabama from scoring a touchdown, and Running Backs Larry Key and Leon Bright are back after good freshman years.

New coaches often have different ways of looking at things. After noting that South Carolina yielded a whopping 4,607 yards last year, Jim Carlen, who replaced Paul Dietzel, said, "Uh, we don't expect an overnight success here." At Marshall, Coach Frank Ellwood promised an immediate winner. The Thundering Herd dropped 10 of 11 last year.

Optimistic, too, is Temple Coach Wayne Hardin, who says his Owls are better than last season when they won eight games and made the Top 20 for the first time. Hardin still has 262-pound Middle Guard Joe Klecko, heart of the Owl defense, and Receivers Pete Righi and Jeff Stempel. But Maxwell Trophy winner Steve Joachim, heart of the offense, is gone. Villanova (3-8) has Quarterback Brian Sikorski, who picked up 1,299 yards passing last season, and John Mastronardo, who caught 46 passes for 739 yards. The ground game needs a boost, but the Wildcats should have a strong defense.

West Virginia (4-7) will count on Artie Owens, a breakaway back who gained 1,130 yards and made runs of 85, 75, 73, 46 and 44 yards in 1974. Owens needs 589 yards for the Mountaineer career record. "We'll be able to look people in the eye," says Coach Bobby Bowden, thinking of Center Al Gluchoski and Tackle Dave Van Halanger.

Syracuse (2-9) features Linebacker Ray Preston, and Holy Cross has Dave Quehl, the nation's No. 1 returning receiver. Neither is enough.

Dynamic Tony Mason coached Cincinnati from 4-7 in 1973 to 7-4 last year, and the Bearcats might improve even more, especially since Linebacker Clarence Sanders, Safety Tom Marvaso and eight other starters return to a defense that permitted only 139 yards a game on the ground last season.

The return of Sweet Louie Giammona, the nation's leading rusher (153 yards a game) and all-purpose runner (199 yards), has Utah State (8-3) dreaming bowl bid. Every time Louie gains 100 yards, his wife Kathy cooks spaghetti for the offensive line. The boys got eight dinners last year, and since Coach Phil Krueger has installed an I formation and added pass plays to keep opponents from hounding Giammona, chances are they will be eating at Louie's often.

"We're not big or fast enough to play just average football," says Army Coach Homer Smith. He was referring to the Cadet defense, but he might as well have been evaluating the Army, Navy and Air Force football teams. They finished 1-1 against each other last season while losing a combined 21 of 27 games vs. everybody else. Until schedule makers begin considering reality, or recruiters get very lucky, .500 for any academy would be a surprise. Its defense bulwarked, Navy appears best of the lot.

CONTINUED



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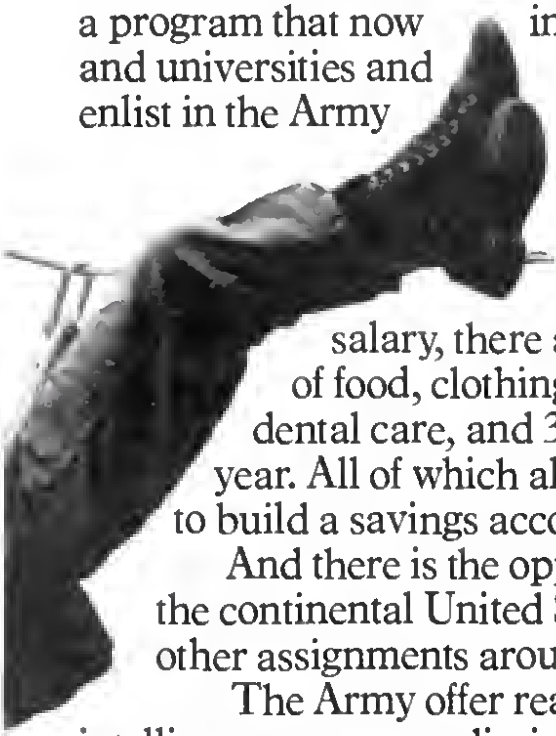
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SMALL COLLEGES

Picking the top NCAA Division II and NAIA football teams is like shopping in a bakery. There are plenty of goodies on display, but who is to say which are the best? Louisiana Tech and Central Michigan, winners of the NCAA Division II playoffs in 1973 and 1974, are no longer under consideration. They have graduated to the major-college ranks, along with Arkansas State, the 1970 champion.

Delaware is content to remain one of the nation's Division II powers. The Blue Hens won wire-service championships in 1971 and '72 and reached the quarter and final rounds of the playoffs, which began in 1973. This year they seek their eighth-consecutive Lambert Cup, symbolic of supremacy among Division II teams in the East.

With a veteran defense and three-quarters of a powerful backfield returning, the Blue Hens should remain high in the pecking order. Their wing T offense averaged 423 yards and 31 points a game last year as Fullback Nate Beasley set a school rushing record of 1,397 yards and Quarterback Bill Zwaan completed 50% of his passes for 13 touchdowns. Tom James also returns, with Larry Wagner stepping in for the departed Vern Roberts.

Although the line will be new, it showed potential in the offense's 37–16 victory over the defense in the spring game. That defense is anchored by last year's leading tackler, Sam Miller, who is joined by Linebacker Curt Morgan and Tackle Paul Toth.

The University of Nevada-Las Vegas hit the jackpot last fall with an 11–0 regular-season record in only its seventh season. Although Delaware bombed the Rebels 49–11 in the playoffs, 17 returning starters are champing for revenge. Nine are on a defensive unit that features Tackle Joe Ingersoll and Linebackers Mike Otto and Tony Sandone. These three participated in more than 100 tackles apiece last year, and Otto set a school record with seven fumble recoveries.

Quarterback Glenn Carano is back, too. He passed for 1,367 yards and 14 touchdowns on a run-oriented team. Unfortunately, 40% of the Rebels' rushing yardage was amassed by the departed Mike Thomas, who also scored 17 of the team's 55 touchdowns. His replacement will enjoy the luxury of a blocking front in which every starter returns.

The Division II playoffs also have a special appeal for the University of California-Davis, since the championship game is played in the Camellia Bowl, 15 miles away in Sacramento. The Aggies did not make last year's playoffs, but they did take nine of 10 games for their fifth-consecutive winning season and fourth Far Western Conference championship under Coach Jim Sochor.

California-Davis has been successful without athletic scholarships or spring practice. Although incoming students must meet strict academic criteria, there are enough of them to provide Davis with more freshmen applicants than any other University of California campus, including Berkeley and UCLA.

The Aggies have 13 starters back from the 1974 team, with Quarterbacks Dan Carmazzi and Jim Speck alternating for the third-straight season. The two combined for 1,969 yards passing and 23 touchdowns last year. Tom Slater was the leading scorer, rusher, punt returner and second-leading receiver. Also available is versatile Anthony Terry, a cornerback on defense, a split end on offense and the National AAU triple-jump champion. Guard Bill Jenkins stays in shape by pushing his fuel-injected 1973 Volvo up and down city streets.

In 1973 Texas A&I had a dismal 2-8 record and seemed doomed to finish seventh in the Lone Star Conference in 1974. Well, sir, the Javelinas won 13 games and the NAIA championship. This remarkable resurgence came about when Coach Gil Steinke, who has won four NAIA titles and eight conference crowns in 22 years of coaching Texas A&I, taught his freshman- and sophomore-dominated team the veer offense.

Quarterback Richard Ritchie is one of nine starters returning to the offense. He accounted for 1,956 yards last year as A&I averaged 454 yards and 33.5 points per game. Although Fullback Don Hardeman, the leading rusher, is gone, there is plenty of yardage in Larry Collins, who netted 1,451 and 17 touchdowns last year. Also back are the top receivers, Glenn Starks and David Hill, and All-Conference Tackles Johnny Martinez and Larry McFarland.

The Javelinas will field 10 experienced starters on defense, including Linebacker David Palmore, who led the team with 89 tackles, and Halfback Leonard Avery, who had seven interceptions.

Texas A&I won the NAIA title by defeating Henderson State 34–23, a pairing that could be repeated, since the Reddies are also well stocked with veteran talent. Last year's team finished 11-2 and won its second-straight Arkansas Intercollegiate Conference championship.

Offensively, Henderson State depends on a strong running attack led by speedy Joe Smith, who popped out of the I formation for 1,409 yards and 10 touchdowns in 1974. Fourth-year Quarterback Terry Blaylock does not pass often, but when he does he completes well over half of them for an average 17-yard gain. His favorite target is Split End Larry Thompson, who lines up with such top blockers as Tackle Larry McAlister and Center Jim Morris.

The Reddies' defense was all but impregnable last season, at least until it faced A&I. Henderson State blanked five opponents and allowed only 186 yards and seven points a game. Six starters return, including Tackles John Gross and Lynn Young, End Rick Minter and Linebacker Jasper Benton.

Among the other NAIA and NCAA Division II teams expecting to do well this year are Elon, Grambling, Butler and Western Carolina. **END**

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Ryan's back on the track

Derailed by injuries since pitching his fourth no-hitter, the Angel with the fireball is healing nicely—and has even won in daunting New York

Nolan Ryan was removed from a game at Shea Stadium last week with a 3–1 lead in the seventh inning. It seemed a pivotal moment. He had never won at Shea as a member of the California Angels, nor fared well there during the five years he pitched for the New York Mets, and he was offended by the New York critics who claim that he chokes on the Big Apple.

So where was Nolan Ryan at the end of the game while the last of four relievers saved a redeeming win for him? "In the showers," Ryan said later. "I wasn't going to sweat it. The way this season has gone, I'm not setting my sights on statistical goals anymore." Then he walked out into the haze, a figure of major accomplishment reduced to rationalization.

You remember Nolan Ryan. One-third of the way through this lost season he had tied a record by pitching his fourth no-hitter, won 10 games, struck out 102 batters and been as much publicized as New York City's fiscal woes and *Jaws*. That he was sharing notoriety with tales of disaster should have been warning enough. Suddenly beset with injuries, Ryan lost eight straight. He has since taken four of his last five decisions and righted his record to 14-12, amid talk that his old stuff is back, but he admits to tiring in the late innings and talks wistfully of next spring.

He is neglecting statistics for good reason. With 186 strikeouts and a maximum of eight starts left, he will not reach 300, as he did for three consecutive seasons. A die-hard Ryan fan could still picture 20 wins. In the past two years Ryan won five of his last six and seven straight to exceed 20, and he is the pitcher of record in more than 90% of his starts, so anything is possible. "Don't count on it," he says. "I just want to get back in the groove."

In retrospect, his season was never as promising nor as disastrous as it alternately appeared. "I pulled a calf muscle, threw just 11 innings of spring training and rushed to get into shape," he says. "It's true that I had the best start of my career. I was pitching well—hitting spots, changing speeds—but I wasn't *throwing* as well as I'm capable of."

Despite his 10-3 start, Ryan struck out 10 or more batters just three times. In 1973, the year he set baseball's single-season strikeout record of 383, he had 23 such games. In 1972 and 1974, his other 300-strikeout years, he had 17 and 13, respectively.

Nonetheless, he seemed all but invincible when he threw a no-hitter against Baltimore on June 1 and followed it up five days later by two-hitting Milwaukee. The decline, however, was beginning. In the Milwaukee game he injured a back muscle and had the first cortisone shot of his career.

For the next 10 weeks Ryan was never completely healthy. On June 28 he pulled a groin muscle and was out 11 days. In his next start he injured a triceps muscle. He suffered a second groin pull Aug. 3, then strained it and sat out 12 days. "The groin pulls prevented me from pushing off the rubber," he says. "That's where I generate my velocity."

Ryan may have slowed his recovery by trying to pitch too soon after his injuries. So he was pitching hurt rather than badly. "I know what he was going through," says teammate Frank Tanana. "When you're hurt you don't have as much confidence. Your mind is on your injury."

During Ryan's troubles, Tanana (13-6) became the team's most effective pitcher and replaced Ryan as the major league strikeout leader. With a strikeout-walk ratio of nearly 4 to 1 (206-57), Tanana has shown remarkable ability for a 22-year-old—and remarkable poise. "It took me four years to learn what he picked up in two," says Oakland's Ken Holtzman. Like Ryan, Tanana developed a curve and changeup to improve the effectiveness of his good fastball. Unlike Ryan, he is mod, blond, left-handed and single.

The Angels have had two strong starters since Aug. 20, when Ryan beat Milwaukee 6–1 for his most satisfying win in 2½ months. He allowed three hits, struck out nine and retired 19 straight over one stretch of his 7⅔-inning stint. In the Shea Stadium victory on Aug. 24 he struck out eight in six innings. Last weekend Manager Dick Williams elected to rest him rather than subject his arm to more stress in rainy Detroit.

"I've learned a lot this season," says Ryan. "I've learned I can win without the good stuff and can cope with situations as they come up. I realize I won't always have the ability I once had, so I'll be working harder than ever to get into shape for spring training."

It somehow seems fitting that Nolan Ryan should complete his peril-fraught season in a TV soap opera. He is making a cameo appearance this week in *Ryan's Hope*. When first seen he is in a hospital, having visited a boys-camp outing, been drawn into a basketball game and injured his knee. The soap opera ends happily. The season isn't over.

THE WEEK

(Aug. 24-30)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NL WEST San Francisco leads the majors in snuff users (14), permanents (eight) and, now that Catchers Dave Rader and Mike Sadek have come clean, in Telly Savalas-type skullheads (three, Dave Heaverlo being the other). Furthermore, the Giants are right up there in top-notch young pitchers, three of whom excelled in a 4-3 week. Best of all was Ed Halicki, 24, who baffled the Mets 4–0, striking out 10 and firing a no-hitter. Pete Falcone, 21, fanned 12 as he beat Montreal 4–3. And John Montefusco, 25, set a season high for the league when he whiffed 14 Expos in a 9–1 laugher.

For downstate opponents San Diego (2-6) and Los Angeles (3-4) the week was a bummer. After taking a doubleheader from the Phils, the Padres plummeted. Randy Jones won the opener 7–2 for his 17th victory and

continued

Bobby Tolan wrapped up the 12-inning 7–6 nightcap with a clutch single. Next time out, Jones' hopes for the Cy Young Award and an ERA title were jarred when he was hit hard in a 10–8 loss to Montreal. Mike Marshall of the Dodgers lost for the 14th time, a wild pitch undoing him in a 5–3 defeat by the Expos. An apparent game-winning hit that night by Bill Buckner was nullified when illegal grooves were found in his bat. Don Sutton was bombed by the Mets for six runs in two-thirds of an inning. Dave Lopes' act was interrupted when, after stretching his record number of successful steal attempts to 38, he was gunned down by Montreal's Gary Carter. Upbeat news: Andy Messersmith blanked New York 7–0 and Burt Hooton deflated Philadelphia 10–0 for his seventh straight win.

Clyde King, the Braves' manager for a year, was replaced by Connie Ryan, one of the club's scouts. Atlanta was 1-4 during King's final week.

Houston (3-1) perked up. Backed by seven homers, Larry Dierker downed Chicago 8–4 and surprised Pittsburgh 7–4 to square his record at 13-13. Cliff Johnson homered in his fifth consecutive game but was deprived of a sixth in a row when his 11th-inning blast in St. Louis was washed away by rain in the bottom of the inning, the score reverting to 3–3.

Happiness for the Cubs will be not having to face the Reds (6-1) again. Cincinnati's quest for the most wins in one season—the 1906 Cubs had 116—was aided by a three-game sweep of Chicago, which gave the season series to the Reds 11-1. Foremost fatteners against the Cubs this year were Tony Perez (.467 and 22 RBIs), Cesar Geronimo (.452), Johnny Bench (.432), Pete Rose (.422), Joe Morgan (.405) and George Foster (.400). Another plus while in Chicago: a doctor assured Bench the ache in his right shoulder was not arthritic, as had been feared, but from damaged cartilage, which will mend during the off-season. Don Gullett winged his way past the Cardinals 4–0 for his seventh straight victory. And the bullpen saved or won five other games.

CIN 90-44 LA 71-64 SF 66-66
SD 60-76 ATL 58-76 HOUS 52-84

NL EAST

During a 3-2 week the oft-maligned Pirate pitching staff had three impressive complete-game winners: Jerry Reuss beat the Reds 5–1, and Larry Demery and Jim Rooker outfoxed the Braves 8–2 and 4–0. But when it came to crafty pitching no one could equal the Mets (6-2). They swept San Diego behind Hank Webb (a 4–0 victor), Randy Tate (7–2) and Tom Seaver (7–0, for his 19th win). Then came 4–1 and 6–1 defeats of L.A. by Jerry Koosman and Jon Matlack. Offensive oomph was provided by Dave Kingman, whose three homers gave him 28 for the season, and new Outfielder Mike Vail, who was 9 for 14 in San Diego.

The Mets' spurt moved them into third place ahead of the Cardinals (3-4), who took their first three games to bring their August record to 19-7—then collapsed. Al Hrabosky picked up his 19th save in a 6–2 win over Atlanta and his 11th victory when the Cardinals, trailing Houston 8–1, stormed back for a 10–9 verdict.

Philadelphia (3-5) fell three games behind. Tom Underwood, who is 10-1 at home, lost twice on the road, where he is 2-9. But Larry Christenson, whose bad back once prompted a doctor to urge him to limit himself to nothing more arduous than playing a violin, subdued the Dodgers 4–2 and the Giants 3–1. In the Dodger game Mike Schmidt tied teammate Greg Luzinski for the major league home-run lead by blasting No. 31. Tom Hilgendorf provided some much-needed pitching help when he forkballed his way through 7⅓ innings of shutout relief as the Phillies trimmed the Giants 8–3.

"He's so good he could take a sponge to the plate and hit line drives." That was Pete Rose on Bill Madlock of Chicago, the league's top hitter at .362. Against Rose's Reds this season Madlock is 28 for 52 (.538).

Baseball came up with its own version of *The Godfather*. While with San Diego, Nate Colbert of Montreal became fast friends with Randy Jones, who chose him to be his daughter's godfather. When Colbert faced Jones last week it almost seemed he had a contract on his buddy, battering him for three hits, including a homer, as Montreal won 10–8. Reliever Dale Murray of the Expos (4-2) started the week with his third win over the Dodgers in as many days and ran his string of homerless innings to 83⅓. After being ejected by Bruce Froemming for calling him "a little bleep," Catcher Barry Foote explained that the 5′8″ umpire "doesn't like being called 'little.' "

PITT 74-56 PHIL 72-62 NY 71-63
ST. L 71-63 CHI 61-73 MONT 56-74

AL WEST

Plunk. Plunk. Plunk. Craig Kusick of Minnesota (4-1) tied a major league record by being hit by three pitches in one game, the last plunk coming with the bases full in the 11th, enabling the Twins to beat Milwaukee 1–0. Bert Blyleven, 6-4 on July 6, went all the way to improve his record to 14-6. Like Blyleven, Gaylord Perry of Texas (5-1) has won eight and lost two since the first week of July. Perry, now 14-15, trimmed Detroit 3–2. More good pitching came from rookie Jim Umbarger, 22, who beat the Tigers 1–0 and the Brewers 8–3.

The only other winning team in the West was California (4-2). Frank Tanana stopped the Yankees 9–0 and the Tigers 8–1.

Another youthful pitcher, Dennis Leonard, 24, of Kansas City (3-3), outdueled two of the league's finest hurlers. Leonard knocked off Jim Palmer and the Orioles 4–3 and then got the upper hand on Catfish Hunter and the Yankees 5–2. And Reliever Rich Gossage, 24, of Chicago (2-5) got his 21st and 22nd saves, coming to the rescue of venerable lefties Claude Osteen and Jim Kaat. Gossage preserved a 2–0 win over the Indians for Osteen and a 4–2 decision over the Orioles for Kaat. Switch-hitting Ken Henderson homered from both sides of the plate in Kaat's triumph, his 19th.

OAK 80-64 KC 71-80 TEX 67-68
CHI 65-66 MINN 63-70 CAL 62-73

AL EAST

Baltimore's Mike Torrez is a native of Kansas, the Sunflower State, and it is fitting that he likes to eat sunflower seeds. But when he tosses the husks onto the artificial turf in K.C. it annoys the groundkeeper, who must pick them up by hand because his vacuum cleaner can't do the job. Last week Torrez added injury to insult by beating the Royals 4–2 for his 16th win. Jim Palmer of Baltimore (4-3) became the first 20-game winner in either league, stopping Chicago 4–2, thanks to a two-run single by Brooks Robinson.

Boston (3-2) maintained its 6½-game lead. A pair of 6–1 wins, by Bill Lee over the White Sox and by Rick Wise over the A's, brought each his 17th victory. Roger Moret held off the Angels 6–2, bringing his record to 11-2.

Cleveland (3-2) gained on New York (3-4) in the battle for third place, climbing to within four games of the Yankees. Fritz Peterson defeated the White Sox for his sixth straight triumph. Two rookies also contributed. Dennis Eckersley beat Chicago 5–1 and Rick Manning grand-slammed Minnesota 9–6. A two-run homer in the eighth by Bobby Bonds carried the Yankees past the A's 3–2, and daring base running by Thurman Munson, who went from first to third on a single to left, set up the winning run in a 10-inning 6–5 squeaker over the Royals.

"The spark is not there," said Don Money of the lethargic Brewers (2-4). But they did snap an eight-game losing streak, overcoming a 5–1 Oakland lead in the seventh to salvage a 7–6 nail-biter. Finishing with a flourish was Reliever Tom Murphy, who came on in the ninth with three on and nobody out, induced two pop-ups, added a strikeout and gained his 17th save.

Detroit lost five in a row, a slump that hardly drew a sigh from weary Tiger fans. Only once did Detroit hitters break loose, but when they did it was for eight runs in one inning—their biggest outburst of the year—in a 9–2 defeat of the Angels.

BOS 79-53 BALT 73-60 NY 67-66
CLEV 61-68 MIL 56-76 DET 52-81



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by WILLIAM LEGGETT

JUST RIGHT FOR FRIDAY NIGHT



AFTER SOME 1,600 BOUTS, DON DUNPHY, AT 62, STAYS SHARP

The mini-revival of Friday night boxing after a 15-year lapse has provided one of the more entertaining breaks in summer television sports-watching. Through the seven-week run which ends this Friday, the matches have been available to 70% of the nation's viewers over some 80 stations, and the ratings, while certainly not exceptional, have been encouraging enough to bring boxing back on a regular and extended basis next spring and summer with perhaps as many as 20 bouts from May through September.

If you missed the fights—overall, they have been excellent—one reason could be that they didn't come on the air until at least 11:30 p.m. EDT. Another could be that you live in a city like Detroit or Philadelphia where they were not shown. TVS, part of the Corinthian Broadcasting Corp., best known for college basketball and 1974 World Football League telecasts, produced the fights in conjunction with Madison Square Garden. While TVS got off to a late start selling commercials, sponsor reaction was strong enough to indicate that advertisers no longer feel jaded about boxing.

The Friday Night Fights were one of the main contributors to America's addiction to television back in the days of 10-inch screens. Starting with Willie Pep vs. Chalky Wright in 1944—a bout carried only in Philadelphia, Schenectady, N.Y. and 100 veterans' hospitals—Friday fights ran on NBC for 16 consecutive years or until both network and sponsors became a bit punchy. When the show went off the air it held the record as the longest running program, and it was pretty much undefeated in bringing audiences to attention. Every neighborhood bar in the country seemed to have a pool on rounds—or, in the custom of that time, most folks would bet "black trunks against white trunks." Ralph (Tiger) Jones was served up on Friday evenings more often than fish. Jake La Motta became as familiar as Lucy. But Fridays also brought such notables as Joe Louis and Rocky Marciano, Carmen Basilio and Sugar Ray Robinson. Because of his exposure on Friday evenings, Referee Ruby Goldstein became such a celebrity that he was booked on the first Ed Sullivan show along with Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis and Richard Rodgers and Dsear Hammerstein. And Gillette's singing parrot with the insistent "*To Look Sharp . . .*" jingle became a celebrity in its own right.

One voice survives from this era and it is instantly identifiable to a whole generation of fight fans. It is the voice of Don Dunphy, who, fittingly, served as catalyst for the 1975 revival. Dunphy seems to have been leaning over ring aprons, microphone in hand, since James Figg reigned as heavyweight champ in 1720. His mellifluous, friendly voice has been transmitted over every electronic means available to boxing since the late 1930s: radio, television, movies, cable- and theater-TV. Dunphy estimates that he has done "some 1,600 bouts," but others feel that his guess is low. "Sometimes people look at my face and think I must have taken many of the punches I've described," says Dunphy, who is now 62.

Dunphy first became known nationally in the early '40s and he is still going strong when virtually all the other famous voices of that era have been stilled. A little over a year ago he drove from his home in Manhasset, N.Y. to the Island Inn at Westbury to see Jerry Quarry work out. "People were being charged $1 to watch," he says, "and I was fascinated to see three or four hundred there on a Saturday afternoon. Most were youngsters who hadn't seen much boxing. I thought about it for a couple of days and then I called Gillette in Boston. While Gillette didn't get into this series, word got around and that may be how the current show got on the air."

When Don Dunphy first spoke up on television there were 135,000 sets in the country. Today there are more than 100 million. He got his break in radio—in 1941 when Ted Husing could not work the first Joe Louis-Billy Conn fight. Twenty announcers auditioned for the assignment, each man recording four rounds of a Madison Square Garden light heavyweight fight between Gus Lesnevich and Anton Christoforidis. Dunphy, who had done a lot of sports broadcasting in New York, some of it at $7 for a seven-day week, was a late entry, but got the job. "Louis-Conn drew the biggest radio audience ever for anything outside of an F.D.R. Fireside Chat," he recalls. "People have wondered why I thought I did the best job on the Lesnevich-Christoforidis audition. I called them Gus and Tony throughout."

Dunphy says that the best fighters he has seen are Featherweight Willie Pep, Lightweights Roberto Duran and Bob Montgomery, Middleweight Sugar Ray Robinson and Light Heavyweight Bob Foster. "It is hard for me to separate Joe Louis from Rocky Marciano as the best heavyweight," he says, "and there would be times when Muhammad Ali might be able to stay away from both long enough to finally get to them. Other times they would get him. Overall I'd say Marciano was the best, but anyone can argue it." As for the best fights: "The first Louis-Conn fight and Ali against Joe Frazier in 1971."

In the second fight of this summer's series, Middleweight Mike Rossman gave an excellent example of the steadfast faith that audiences have in Dunphy. Rossman came out for the seventh round against Mike Nixon. "Until I heard Mr. Dunphy say it while broadcasting," Rossman said later, "I didn't realize I was bleeding." **END**

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A not-so-perfect match

Amid mounting criticism of the match-play format by most players, 23-year-old Fred Ridley beat Keith Fergus to win the U.S. Amateur

It was so hot in Virginia's James River valley on the first day of the 75th National Amateur that the officials of the U.S. Golf Association concluded, after due consideration, that amateur golf would not be placed in jeopardy if they took off their blue coats. They did not remove their striped ties, however, or roll up the sleeves of their starched white shirts, despite the suffocating humidity, because *someone* has to maintain standards.

That was Tuesday. On Sunday the heat had relented a little, the blue coats were back in place and by late afternoon, of the 200 original participants, only Fred Ridley, a law student from Florida's Stetson University, remained. Ridley, 23, defeated Keith Fergus, 21, 2 up, to prove he is the best—or the luckiest—amateur golfer in the country, depending on how one feels about match play.

The last time the Amateur was played on the James River Course of the Country Club of Virginia in Richmond was in 1955 when Harvie Ward won, beating Bill Hyndman 9 and 8. This time Ward was a gray-haired spectator, Hyndman, at 59, was competing for the 20th time and the heavy favorite—sentimental, local and otherwise—was Vinny Giles, the 32-year-old Richmond attorney and former champion, who is exactly what the USGA has in mind when it thinks "amateur."

Marvin Giles III won his Amateur title at stroke play in 1972, edging Ben Crenshaw and Mark Hayes, but his freckled face was already an amateur landmark. He had been runner-up in 1967 to Bob Dickson, in 1968 to Bruce Fleisher and in 1969 to Steve Melnyk. He has been on four Walker Cup teams and in June of this year he won the British Amateur, even though he had played very seldom all spring. If Giles could pull it off again on his home course, he would be the fifth golfer to win both titles in the same year. (Bob Dickson did it in 1967, Lawson Little in 1934 and '35, Bobby Jones in 1930 and Englishman Harold Hilton in 1911.)

But by the quarterfinals, not only was Vinny Giles gone, the victim of an aching back, a serious case of ennui and the good play of a 23-year-old from Pittsburgh, Stan Price, but so was everybody else anybody had ever heard of. The Old Guard, the Walker Cup team, the NCAA champion and the winners of the Eastern Amateur, the North and South and the Porter Cup had all been eliminated. Even Wake Forest, that golfing bastion, was unrepresented past the fifth round. Only the closest followers of collegiate golf would have known that Andy Bean, the 22-year-old giant from the University of Florida, had won the Western Amateur earlier in the summer and has bitten the covers off two golf balls.

Match play was the villain. The Richmond golf fan who could not get out to the west end of town until the weekend could be forgiven for feeling a little cheated. In losing his second-round match to Price, Giles shot a 72, approximately, which at stroke play would have left him in contention instead of back at his desk in the offices of his newly formed management firm, Pros Inc.

"I don't like it," Giles said the morning after his defeat. "I've said it winning and losing. I love match-play golf, but I don't like it to determine a national championship. Whichever format they use, the winner is going to be a good player, maybe not a great player, but good at least that week. But anybody who wins two big match-play championships in one year has to be lucky as the devil. Anything can happen in match play."

To the USGA, golf *is* match play. The game was founded on match play. A. F. MacFie and Horace Hutchinson settled the first British Amateur in 1885 between

continued

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Lydia Lewin, *Registration Clerk*, SAN FRANCISCO HILTON

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Grady Millner, *Room Service Waiter*, PALMER HOUSE, CHICAGO



them, by holes, not strokes. Stroke play, in the view of the USGA, is a 19th-century British aberration designed to end a competition as fast as possible. When the USGA was founded in late 1894, the Amateur became the national championship and the Open was tacked on, according to a USGA official, "to give the pros something to do. It was held at stroke play because it wasn't very important, and nobody wanted to hang around Newport too long."

As the professional game surpassed the amateur, stroke play came to be regarded as the fairest way to determine golfing skill. But the USGA stuck to its guns, mostly. In 1965, wanting television coverage for its Amateur championship, and perhaps feeling somewhat old-fogeyish, the USGA changed to stroke play. In 1973 it switched back.

"The reason they gave," says Giles, "was that the Amateur was losing its identity and becoming just another tournament on the summer circuit. But that argument doesn't hold water. The North and South in May is straight match play, the Trans-Miss in July is straight match play and the Western is 72 holes of stroke play with the low 16 going on to match play."

A more important reason for reverting to match play was that by 1973 control of the 15-man USGA executive committee had fallen to a group of relatively young traditionalists such as 55-year-old Frank D. (Sandy) Tatum Jr., of whom an associate says fondly, "In Tatum's mind, Bob Jones is going to rise again." To Tatum golf is a calling, as to the priesthood, and the preservation of its traditions is more important than public opinion or the size of any gallery.

"We are aware," says Frank Hannigan, the USGA's assistant director, "that if you polled the field now, 175 out of 200 players would vote for stroke play. They don't want to lose in an early round. But that doesn't mean the inmates should run the asylum. We say that for the purpose of naming a national champion, match play is just as valid as stroke play. Does match play identify the best 16? Probably not. The top 16 at stroke play would probably beat the final 16 from match play. But naming the best 16 is not our goal. Naming a champion is. Match play is very personal and terribly hard on some psyches. It's hard to flat-out lose. In stroke play if you finish 10th you don't lose."

Andy Bean is the kind of golfer who is very much on the minds of the USGA's blue coats these days, the kind of college player who has dominated the amateur ranks in recent years, helped by the growth of scholarship programs. For nine months of the year, as members of college teams, they play every day and compete every couple of weeks, all expenses paid. They are not pros. They do not win prize money or give lessons for money. They pay their own way to the big amateur events. But they fall somewhere between the letter and the spirit of the USGA's rigid amateur code. As Bean says, "I couldn't do it if my father didn't finance me. You can't work and play golf."

If the whole point of segregating amateurs and pros is to provide fair competition for people who work for a living and play golf for fun, where does the 6'4" Bean belong right now? Before long he and the rest of this year's crop will probably have turned pro. But meanwhile they are changing the face of the hoary U.S. Amateur. The average age of the field at Richmond was 21½. Fifteen percent of the golfers were teen-agers. There was no defending champion because Jerry Pate turned pro in July. In fact, Vinny Giles and Gary Cowan are the only champions in 10 years who have not turned pro. The USGA is dismayed but it has no remedy. Former USGA President Phil Strubing suggested, facetiously, that no one be allowed to be an amateur until he is out of college. Hannigan puts the blame on college presidents who, he feels, exploit golf as a cheap method for placating athletically ambitious alumni.

"It's our conundrum," says Hannigan, "and it's beyond us. We are hoping that Title IX and college economics in general will slow the trend and pull us out. The kids have developed mannerisms that appall us Peter Pans in the USGA. At the Walker Cup, which is really a lovely thing, a kid missed a putt and the jerk threw his putter off the green. At the British Amateur a caddie dropped another kid's bag and said, 'I've had enough of you.' I put that caddie on my Christmas card list."

Whatever way the wind blows in college golf, the U.S. Amateur will go on and the real amateurs will continue to play. Golf is, after all, a game for dreamers and there is no discouraging dreamers. **END**

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GOOD MAN IN THE LONG RUN

Archie Griffin has already zigzagged 3,820 yards to a Heisman Trophy and twice has been All-America, so that now, as he begins his final season at Ohio State, all he has left to prove is that he is the best player in his family

by RAY KENNEDY






CONTIN

Sure, like everyone says, Archie Griffin can run through the side of a mountain, leap the whole state of Michigan in a single bound and all that. And yeah, we know, he's God's gift to impressionable youth, the most wholesome influence since Pat Boone. But c'mon now, surely Archie has a few faults. Like maybe just once he uttered a discouraging word or something? Or perhaps he doesn't know all four stanzas of *The Star-Spangled Banner*?

The question stuns Loretta Laffitte, an Ohio State coed and Griffin's girl friend of long standing. She draws back as if the flames of heresy were licking about her. She bites her thumb. She knits her brow. She starts to speak, stops, shakes her head and ponders some more.

Archie Griffin, myth and man. The subject stirs strong reactions in and about Columbus, Ohio, ranking right up there on the emotional scale with patriotism and pork-belly futures. At the one extreme there is the perplexed silence of Loretta Laffitte. At the other the torrential outpourings of Woody Hayes, a man who is never at a loss for an answer. Indeed, he does not even need a question.

"Archie Griffin is the greatest back I've ever seen or coached," Hayes says, limbering up. "He's also the most popular player we've ever had, by far. In fact, we value Archie's attitude more than his football ability. Which is saying something, because he can do everything. He's a great blocker, a great faker and a great broken-field runner, one of those rare backs who can run over you or around you. It's like Rommel's wide-front attack or Sherman maneuvering through Georgia. No one ever knew which way they were going, either, and from there on it was strictly option football.

"Archie has promised me that he's going to law school. And then I want him to go into politics. He's a middle-of-the-roader, and that's what our country needs today. Archie doesn't say much. He leads by example. When we go running out at halftime I keep stumbling over him because he's always down there on his knees, praying. Oh, my God, he's so honorable!"

Hayes rolls on and on like the mighty Olentangy. Following the thought flow is tricky, but in this case the drift seems to be that 1) Griffin is a sterling football player, which everyone knows, and 2) he wears a halo under his helmet, which no one believes because coaches are always saying things like that to inspire another first down.

Nevertheless, indications are that Griffin's finest achievement, even more impressive perhaps than winning the Heisman Trophy last year, may be that he comes close to living up to Woody's beatific vision, that he actually may be some kind of seraph in scarlet and gray.

Griffin is truly embarrassed, for example, when asked about that record string he has going of rushing for 100 or more yards in 21 consecutive regular-season games. He also reads the Bible faithfully. He always makes his bed when the team stays in a motel. He dotes on children. He is kind to reporters and other oppressed peoples. And from all accounts he makes grown men applaud when he delivers, as every Heisman hero must, that hoariest of stock lines: "Really, it's not an individual award—it's for my linemen and the whole team."

Griffin is only the fifth player to have won the Heisman Trophy as a junior in the 40-year history of the award and the first since Roger Staubach in 1963. And that is only the half of it. Or more precisely the eighth of it, for James and Margaret Griffin have been raising a veritable athletic dynasty right in the Buckeyes' backyard. The Griffin lineup: James Jr., 27; Larry, 25; Daryle, 23; Archie, 21; Raymond, 19; Duncan, 17; Keith, 13; and Crystal, 10. All the Griffins are or were football players. All are or were captains of their teams. And all are or were All-Everything. Or, as Archie says, "No Griffin ever played on a loser."

It is only within the tightly knit Griffin huddle, in fact, that myth becomes man. The family game is passing the praise around, a selfless diversion in which there are no legends, only laggards. That is, every time the prowess of a family member is mentioned, one or more of the Griffins will top it by citing the exploits of another. Anyone can be "it," but more often than not these days it is archangel Archie who gets clipped.

If someone says, for example, that Archie plays for a conference champion, it quickly will be pointed out that so did James Jr. as a halfback at Muskingum, Larry as a fullback at Louisville and Daryle as a cornerback at Kent State. Or it it be noted that Archie was the 165-pound high school wrestling champion of Greater Columbus, big deal, someone will say, Duncan won the *district* title in the same weight class.

And so it goes, back and forth, great vs. greater: Archie, in his best effort last season, averaged 9.5 yards a carry and scored once against Northwestern; Raymond, an OSU freshman playing behind his brother in the same game, averaged 11 yards and also scored. Archie accounted for 72 points and 12 touchdowns last year and was the Buckeyes' No. 2 scorer; Keith, a halfback and safety, was the No. 1 scorer for Johnson Park Junior High. Archie, a weight-machine addict, is strong; Duncan, a 5'11", 190-pound freshman linebacker at Ohio State, is stronger. Archie, who runs the 40-yard dash in 4.5 seconds, is fast; Raymond, with a 4.3 clocking, is faster. Archie is God-fearing; Daryle was voted the 1975 Ohio Christian Athlete of the Year.

There is no winning. Even Archie's Heisman statuette looks lost in the Griffin recreation room, where hundreds of trophies, plaques, medals, citations, ribbons, bronzed cleats, enshrined helmets and mounted hunks of goalposts adorn all four walls, climb the stairway and spill over into the dining room. It is perhaps only fitting, for in a recent—and painfully truthful—family poll as to which Griffin is, was or will be the best running back, Archie tied for third, and then only because Daryle and Duncan switched to defense and their sister Crystal has not suited up yet.

Though the hardware continues to mount, in all seriousness (bragging, like smoking, drinking and swearing, is strictly forbidden in the Griffin home) the father and proud custodian of the trophy room says he will still be able to make room for what he expects will be a minimum of three more Heismans.

And what James Sr. says goes; in another family survey the Griffin brothers unanimously avow that the man they respect most in the world is their father. Further respect, a favorite Griffin word, is paid to their mother for holding forth during all the trying years when the patriarch was absent. Which was often, since James Sr., 54 and still subsisting on fewer than four hours sleep a night, has been holding down two full-time and up to three part-time jobs for the past 23 years. "My father is the hardest-working man there ever was," says Archie, relinquishing yet another title.

The Remarkable Griffins is how James

Retter thinks he might entitle the phenomenon in a book based in part on his recollections as Archie's junior high English teacher. Was there a dark chapter in Griffin's past, something scandalous like a C+ in Chaucer? "Archie was a model student," says Retter, "the most motivated, single-minded youngster I've ever seen. He got the best grades, was the first with his hand up, was the most spontaneous, the most. . . ."

Ah, well, back to Loretta Laffitte; ultimately she alone showed that faultfinding, while perhaps difficult in Archie's case, is not impossible. All it takes is time. On the afternoon of the big question, riding in her suitor's spoke-wheel Buick Regal, she searched for an answer. Archie, fresh from averaging a dozen yards a carry in the Buckeyes' annual spring game, was at the wheel, chauffeuring a visitor on a tour of the ghettos of his Columbus boyhood.

Stopping by a tumbling, boarded-up storefront that once was Griffin's Grocery, Archie said that his mother and older brothers tended the store while the family, sleeping two or more to a bed, lived in two rooms in the rear. One reason the family enterprise failed, he admitted, was the armloads of ice-cream bars, Almond Joys and Hostess chocolate cupcakes he devoured on the sly. Not surprisingly, the family called him Butterball.

Then, inserting a Spinners recording into the car's tape deck, Archie drove by some of the six other houses the Griffins have lived in, along the streets where he delivered papers, through the neighborhoods where his father collected garbage for the city, past the elementary schools where he gives his 3D speech (Desire, Dedication, Determination) and finally into an OSU parking lot where cars bear the bumper sticker THANK YOU MRS. GRIFFIN.

Suddenly, after an hour of anguished deliberation, Loretta Laffitte made a polite noise. "Ahem," she said, "I have thought of a fault." Shooting a penitent glance at Griffin, she began, "Well, he's a, a . . ." Lowering her eyes from the sheer treachery of it all, she said softly, "He's late picking me up sometimes."

Loretta Laffitte could be accused of rumormongering, for rival coaches can find no fault with Griffin. "We finally got a stay of execution," says Washington State's Jim Sweeney, who watched Archie gain 196 yards against the Cougars last season. "We don't have to play against Archie Griffin this year. What he can do is accelerate. He's an excellent, intelligent runner, a team guy who utilizes his blockers, but when he wants to leave the pack—goodby. We did our part in making him what he is today, but now he's on his own."

Some coaches even impart mystical qualities to Griffin. Indiana's Lee Corso, for example, claims, "He has unbelievable peripheral vision. I saw him go through a hole in our line that wasn't there. It was an off tackle to the left. You could see the hole develop, but then three of our men played it perfectly and closed it up. Griffin suddenly got through for 12 yards. It was one of the greatest runs I've ever seen."

Former Washington State assistant coach Walt Cubley sees more than peripheral vision. "Griffin has explosive eyes," he says mysteriously. "Last year he came running wide toward our bench. Our guys had the angle shut off, but then he cut and picked up 18 yards. Anyway, I got a close look at his eyeballs on that play, and they were as big as saucers. They say O. J. Simpson looks like that when he runs."

Opponents award Griffin the highest mark for his mastery of the ABCs of running—acceleration, balance, consistency. And they give him a flat F, as in fearsome, for his blocking.

Minnesota assistant Dick Moseley recalls how last season, when the Gophers were trailing the Buckeyes by only nine points in the final period, OSU Quarterback Cornelius Greene shook loose for 57 yards and the clinching touchdown. "We thought that our safety, Doug Beaudoin, could make the tackle, and he seldom misses," says Moseley. "Until we saw the films, we didn't realize Griffin had put a block on Doug, and just plain knocked him down."

Griffin's playing weight never topped 180 last season, and his listed height of 5'9" is on the generous side. He creates optical illusions because, like the mythical griffin, which was part lion, part eagle, his powers are a blend of disproportionate parts. In brief, Griffin has the upper body of George Foreman stacked on the lower half of Ron Cey.

But even that is only an approximation, for Griffin's waist measurement (31) is three inches smaller than Foreman's and his chest (48) 2½ inches *larger*. Cey, the Los Angeles Dodger third baseman who is nicknamed The Penguin, has

continued



The Griffins' starting lineup (from left): Ray, Crystal, Larry, Archie, James Sr., Margaret, Keith, Duncan, Daryle and James Jr.

a similar gait but nowhere near the quickness of Griffin.

Archie's teammates call him Duckfoot. Hayes describes his leg action as "wide, splayed to the left." And the press comes on about his "bandy-legged brilliance." Yet it is Griffin himself, saying it all dates back to his Butterball days, who provides the most accurate description. "I waddle," he says.

Running at full waddle, Griffin shimmies along as if a wheel or two were out of line somewhere. He runs low, pitched forward at a precipitous angle. His shoulders roll one way, his hips another. And all the while his legs keep bowing crazily out to the side while somehow churning forward. Add a center of gravity that is somewhere around his instep, and you have a moving target that is hard to nail. Tackling Archie, says Wisconsin assistant Lew Stueck, is "like trying to tackle a falling tree in a windstorm."

Archie attributes the ricochet effect of his running to a technique he developed as a wrestler. Though he likes to explain it in terms of "fulcrums," "leverage points" and "balance levels," in locker-room lingo it is simply a hard-nosed way of breaking tackles. When executed to crunching perfection it starts out as a kind of flying shoulder lift and ends up with the defender on his backside and Griffin glancing off for the goal line.

Other times Griffin will guide a blocker with his free hand and follow him in near lockstep through the line, shoving and directing him with cries of "Go! Go! *Get 'em!*" Then, when he has set up a block, he will deliberately swing his hips into his teammate and bounce away like a pinball coming off a bumper.

Neal Colzie, the first-round draft choice of the Oakland Raiders, says that after scrimmaging against Griffin at OSU for three seasons he knows what frustration is. "As a defensive back you know beforehand that Anthony Davis, say, is going to try to run around you just like you know Sam Cunningham is going to try to run over you," Colzie says. "But when you come heads up with Archie, you don't know what to expect. If you get too set, he just might sizzle around you. If you play it too loose, then he might slam right over you."

Griffin was the nation's second-leading rusher last season with 1,620 yards, most of it gained by running inside where the hardest licks are taken. Knowing that, the Buckeyes have outfitted their prize property with special heavy-duty thigh pads that are a few inches bigger than standard size, a sight that inspired Lee Corso to order similar outsized models for his Indiana backs. "I thought it was the thigh pads that made Griffin so hard to bring down," says Corso. "I put the same kind on Courtney Snyder last fall, and he did a pretty good job. But I found out that it ain't quite pads with Archie Griffin."

It ain't quite total protection *with* the pads, either. Despite the custom-made armor, Trainer Billy Hill says that "After a game Archie is one big mass of bruises. Even his hands are swollen with knots the size of golf balls. Many times he's so banged up he's unable to practice until the Thursday before a game."

Immersed in whirlpool baths, bombarded by ultrasonic heat waves and preserved in ice packs, Griffin lives to die in other ways. Going into last year's Michigan game, for instance, he was nursing a hip pointer, a painful bone bruise that "hurts like a bolt of lightning every time you cough or breathe too deeply," says Colzie, another victim. Speared from the side in the second quarter, Griffin not only aggravated the hip pointer but also played on with a severe thigh bruise to gain 111 yards and set up the final field goal that gave the Buckeyes a 12–10 victory, the Big Ten co-championship and their third straight trip to the Rose Bowl.

Durability is a trait Archie inherited from his father, a rock of a man who proudly notes, "Did you notice that when Anthony Davis got injured in the Rose Bowl he was right out of there? Well, Archie suffered a rib separation in the first quarter, and he played the whole game. I think it's his desire that keeps him going."

James Griffin Sr. talks a lot about desire as well as pride, devotion, perseverance—all the old verities he learned as a hardscrabble youth and passed on to his sons. "I'm kind of peculiar, I guess, but I think a lot of Christian people are lazy," he says. "They say, 'I don't want nothing but Jesus,' and they think that all they have to do is pray, and everything will come to them. But I don't think He meant it like that. He gives everybody a talent, and it's up to us to double and triple it. Just praying alone don't do it. People used to laugh, but I always said I was going to send all my kids to college. I didn't know how, but I knew I'd get them through someway. You got to reach out and do things for yourself. You got to work and keep on working."

Raised in Holden, W. Va., a coal-mining camp in Appalachia, James Griffin had more spunk than size. He played football in high school, earning an honorable mention on the all-state team as a 119-pound guard ("Guards had to be fast, back then," he says). After a stint in the Navy and a fling as a featherweight boxer he married Margaret Monroe, the second of 13 children, from a nearby mining camp in Hatfield Bottom, and went to work in the No. 1 Hole of the Island Creek Coal Company.

Convinced that "athletics offered the best opportunity for my kids to get ahead," he decided on baseball as the family vocation because "it was the only sport that colored could get into in those days." His goal was to raise an entire team of Griffins.

When mechanization caused layoffs in the mines James Griffin moved his growing family to Columbus in 1952, where he established a punishing routine that he still follows, working 20 hours a day. He manned a sanitation truck by day, worked in a steel foundry at night and served as a janitor in a high school in the wee hours between. He charged James Jr. with the role of "second daddy," telling him, "Whatever you do, the others will follow."

James Jr., now a Columbus insurance man, recalls, "It was very easy to get into trouble with your father not around. But the fact that none of us ever did shows the respect we had for him. He believes in the Ralph Bunche dream, that if you do your best, you will succeed regardless of color or class."

Or sport. Instead of infields the Griffin boys were soon populating backfields—except for Archie, that is. He came up the slow way. Corduroys hiked to his knees, thighs padded with folded cardboard, a "32" inked on his sweat shirt (Jim Brown was his hero), Archie began his career playing "smear the queer," a variation of kill the man with the ball, in a field across from Griffin's Grocery. "The toughest maneuver was cutting back on the rocks and broken bottles," Archie recalls. Tougher still was following his brothers' fast-stepping lead when he moved up to Little League football. "I played middle guard," Archie

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says, "because I fit the description—short and fat."

Nicknamed "Tank" because of his ponderous ways on the field, Archie decided at age 12 to pare down his 150 pounds. By then the family had given up the grocery store and, instead of mainlining on Almond Joys, he began running to and from school. He lifted "weights"—two cases of beer bottles filled with dirt and attached to the ends of a mop handle. He converted the family bathroom into a steam box by turning the hot water on full force; then, encasing his body in airtight plastic cleaning bags, he did jumping jacks until the plastic melted on his back. And on hot summer days he pulled on three mohair sweaters, climbed into the family's disabled station wagon, rolled up the windows and did sit-ups while dreaming of dancing down the sideline.

He spurted across a finish line instead, startling both himself and the junior high coach who was holding tryouts for the track team. "Before I knew it," says Archie, "I was anchoring the 440 and 880 relay teams." When he turned out for football in the fall of his 13th year, "No fullback showed up, so I volunteered, and they told me to stay there."

James Sr. recalls, "I never knew Archie had streamlined himself into a back until I saw him play his first game that year. I remember he ran off tackle for a 50-yard touchdown, but they called it back because of an offside penalty. So on the next play he ran 55 yards, but they called it back again. So then, darned if he didn't run 60 yards, and this time the refs must have got tired, because they gave him the touchdown. I remember saying to one of my older boys, 'Man, we got something here.' "

Bob Stuart, coach of Eastmoor High, was sure of it when "Archie walked on the field and asked what he had to do to play first string. He was ready to play right there. He started as a sophomore, and by his final year he was just scary. I can never remember one man tackling him; you had to bring folks. Heck, Archie played the last three games with a broken bone in his foot, and they still couldn't catch him."

The gilding of Griffin goes on and on. And so did his parents, who for several years drove hundreds of miles to see their far-flung sons play in as many as six games over a fall weekend. Spacing out his vacation days, James Sr. reserved Friday nights for high school games, and then, he says, "We'd leave that one and go to the next one and the next one, until we ran out." Archie says, "My father never missed a game when we were in high school. You knew he was there because you could feel his eyes on you. You could hear him, too, yelling at you from the sidelines. We all performed for him. We didn't want him to use his vacation time in vain."

Eventually, caught speeding to make the kickoff of one game while listening to another on the car radio, the Griffins decided that there had to be a better way. That, more than any other reason, is why there will be three Griffins playing together this season in a stadium that is a leisurely drive from the family home. As Raymond said after he rejected a heavy recruiting rush put on him by Nebraska, "If I went anywhere but Ohio State, my mommy would die."

Which is not to say that there was not a lot of hard sell involved in Archie's case. All-Ohio in high school, he had more than 150 offers. Looking for "a smaller school where I could play right away," Archie settled at first on Northwestern. Ohio State was a contender, but there were reservations. As James Sr. says, "When we first came to Columbus, people told us that Coach Hayes didn't like colored, and we wanted to find out for ourselves." Rudy Hubbard, then a Hayes assistant and now the head coach at Florida A&M, obliged by taking the Griffins to supper with six black businessmen who had played under Hayes. The message, says Hubbard, was that "most white coaches are prejudiced, but the trend is changing, and Woody is more than fair in most cases."

As a follow-up, Hayes' wife Anne took Mrs. Griffin to lunch, and then for the clincher, says Hubbard, "We brought in the heavy hitter himself." Woody made an instant convert of James Sr., who says with some amazement, "It isn't nothing for Coach Hayes to come into your house and talk. And Mrs. Hayes kisses me whenever she sees me. I don't care how many people are around."

As insurance Hayes also collared Archie at Eastmoor High early one morning. "Woody was messing around with the wishbone back then," Bob Stuart recalls, "and Archie was afraid he'd never see the ball if he went to Ohio State. So Woody took him into an office, closed the door and spent a lot of time X-ing and O-ing. When they came out two hours later—zippo, that was it." Hayes says, "I told Archie that he'd play better for us because he'd get better blocking. That's pretty obvious. We can block, you know." Adds Stuart, "It was the best time Woody ever spent."

Hayes had cause to doubt that when Archie, just turned 18 and yet to attend his first class at OSU, suited up for the opening game of the 1972 season under the new freshman eligible rule, an amendment that Woody was scornful of at best. Sent in for one play against Iowa, third-stringer Griffin bobbled a low pitchout, and the Buckeyes lost five yards. On the eve of the next game, against North Carolina, Archie says, "I got down on my knees and asked the Lord to give me a chance to play. I read the Bible, too, especially the passage about 'Knock, and the door shall be opened.' "

Somebody up there liked him—namely Rudy Hubbard, who sat in the press box pleading with Hayes over the coaches' phone to put Archie in because "he's the best back we got." When Hayes refused, strong words were exchanged. Down seven points and with his offense continuing to falter, Hayes relented midway in the first quarter. Startled by the summons, Archie started to dash onto the field without his helmet, said a prayer of thanksgiving in the huddle and swept inside left end for six yards. Then he gained six more yards and six more to set the stage for the first of many stunners, a 32-yard bolt off tackle. Archie was knocking, and the door was opening.

The rest, as they say, is history as Griffin followed with runs of 55 yards and 22 yards and 20 yards and 11 yards to threaten Ollie Cline's single-game Ohio State rushing record—229 yards—with one quarter to go. Three plays later, Archie left the field to a standing ovation, and the announcement that the new record—239 yards—was his.

North Carolina's Bill Dooley, whose Tar Heels were defeated 29–14, their first and only loss that season, said afterward, "We came here not even knowing Archie Griffin existed, and now you tell me he's a freshman!"

The next year Griffin became the first sophomore to be voted the Big Ten's Most Valuable Player, and as a junior he became only the second player (along

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with Minnesota's Paul Giel) to win the honor twice. Now, with Heisman in hand, he stands ready to claim what may be the biggest first ever. James Jr., who has been acting as Archie's manager, says he has turned down all but a few of the 1,000 requests for public appearances. "We wanted Archie to concentrate on getting in the best shape possible for winning another Heisman," he says.

Another Heisman? It's more than a mere possibility; Griffin goes into the 1975 season as a favorite to become the first player to win two.

Beyond meeting the traditional criteria—he is a senior (seniors have won 35 of the 40 Heismans), a back (backs have won 38 times), plays in a major conference (the Big Ten leads all other leagues with nine winners) for a renowned team (Ohio State's four winners are second only to Notre Dame's six)—Griffin has four additional advantages.

First, given his already impressive statistics, Griffin figures to go on making the kind of news—he needs only 896 more yards, for example, to break the career rushing record of 4,715 set by Cornell's Ed Marinaro in 1971—that influences Heisman voters.

Second, the increasing popularity of the veer and wishbone has greatly diminished the chances of a free-flinging quarterback coming to the fore.

Third, marked man that he is, Griffin will again benefit mightily from Ohio State's all-round running attack, a threat that makes ganging up on the Heisman hotshot "tactical suicide," as Minnesota's Moseley puts it.

And fourth, while his chief rival, Oklahoma's Joe Washington, will once more suffer from the TV ban imposed on the Sooners by the NCAA for recruiting violations, Griffin should be gaining valuable exposure points in the two Buckeye regular-season games that will be telecast nationwide this fall.

All told, Griffin's Heisman hopes seem endangered only by a pair of intangibles—prejudice and precedent. Some voters, particularly if the contest is at all close, will undoubtedly reject Griffin solely on the grounds that two Heismans are one too many for any player. And if Archie is to endure as something more than one-fifth of a trivia question, he will have to avoid injuries and other turns of fate that caused the other four players who won the award as juniors—Army's

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Margaret Griffin has a feeling that Archie will repeat. "When he was in high school," she says, "I saw it all in this dream. I saw Archie standing with the Heisman Trophy. I saw us standing beside him and all the people gathered around." Have there been sequels? "Well, I had the same dream more than once," she says, giving destiny a prod.

Long before the double features, way back in the barefoot days of Hatfield Bottom, Margaret Griffin had another dream—a home in the green suburbs. How that became a reality evolves, as do all things with the Griffins, from the resourcefulness of the patriarch, who says, "Every time I made one dollar God fixed it so I'd make the next one."

Sometimes in wondrous ways. Several years ago, James Sr. relates, while working the sanitation truck in an exclusive section of town, "I found some stock-market pamphlets in the trash of this older, retired fellow, and I began reading them. I thought you had to be rich to buy stocks, but I learned different. One day I told the man—he was out gardening—that I wanted to send my kids to college. So he took me inside, called his broker and I bought two shares of Big Bear Supermarkets at $6 each." Soon James Sr. was reading *The Wall Street Journal* during breaks, buying a few shares when he could, until by 1966 his investments had earned enough to help James Jr. with his partial grant-in-aid to Muskingum and, two years later, to put a $6,000 down payment on a $28,000 dream house.

Today the Griffin's two-story stucco and brick home is a model of middle-class Middle America. There is an American eagle over the doorway, a barbecue out back and a station wagon in the driveway. The neighbors on both sides are white.

James Jr. lives just up the winding road. Larry, who is completing his master's degree in physical education while working as an instructor at the Columbus East YMCA, resides with his wife in a nearby apartment. Daryle, after a six-month tour as a second lieutenant in the Air Force Reserve, returned home this summer to take a job with Ohio Bell. And Archie, who lived in an off-campus apartment with Cornelius Greene his first three seasons, and Raymond, who rooms in an OSU dorm, meet with their brothers at the Kenview Road homestead most weekends. That is when the recreation room becomes football central, a time when James Sr. holds critiques and moves the furniture back to demonstrate the subtleties of the forearm shiver.

And it is a time to pass the praise around. James Sr. says, "Larry would have been as famous as Archie if he went to Ohio State." James Jr. says that Raymond, who will start at safety this season while waiting to take over for Archie, has "more speed, agility and finesse than any back in the country." And Archie says, along with everyone else, "Keith will be the best in the family. He and Raymond could both win the Heisman, I think."

The clinics are invariably cut short for a more pressing concern—work. Incredibly, in addition to his weekday grind at the sanitation department, the foundry and the high school, James Sr. also holds down two part-time janitorial jobs on weekends. Piling mops, buckets, brooms and assorted Heisman hopefuls into the station wagon, Griffin & Sons spend eight to 10 hours every weekend cleaning up a warehouse and a candy factory.

"Sometimes I'm so tired I can't see," James Sr. said recently, rearranging the New Testament miniatures in the living room of his immaculate home. "But it's worth it. Now we are free of all the trouble. Now we don't have to run anymore."

Archie does, and rumors are that he may be headed straight into the open arms of the Tampa Bay Buccaneers, the new NFL franchise which will play its first season in 1976. James Jr. thinks that Archie Griffin will be a name to build a franchise around, a gate builder whose contract could bring $2.3 million with one Heisman, $4 million with two. Archie will hear none of it. No talk about second Heismans. No prattle about the pros. "My goal is the team's goal," he says, straightening his halo, "to win the national championship and go to the Rose Bowl for the fourth year in a row."

If and when depends in no small part on Archie's old roomie, Cornelius Greene, an irrepressible scrambler and the Buckeyes' second-leading rusher last season with 842 yards. They are an odd couple, No. 45 and No. 7, a votary and

a voluptuary who were shacked up with a monster stereo that almost blasted them and Gladys Knight and the Pips into orbit. Greene, who bills himself as Mr. Flamboyant and tools around in a 1975 Grand Prix with the license plates FLAM 7, claims, "Archie and I complement each other. I'm flashy, he's classy. When I first met Archie he dressed like a little 'Bama boy. Man, if you can believe it, he wore black shoes with everything. But now I got him shaped up. Now he's got red shoes, green shoes, all color shoes."

What Greene got in return was religion. "When I wasn't starting right away," says the Flam, "I was very disappointed, very low. I'd sit there watching *Kojak* on TV and Archie'd be reading the Bible. It got to working on me, you know, and pretty soon he made me receive Jesus Christ into my life. I have found that being a quarterback under Woody Hayes, you need all the faith you can get."

Faith and occasional reprimands for straying from that big game plan in the sky. Recently, says Greene, he and two other players were lounging in the apartment, cutting classes and feeding the stereo when Archie walked in, fresh from giving his 3D speech. "He just looked at us," says Greene, "and then he said, 'I come back from telling kids to stay in school, and here you guys are cutting classes. That's wrong, man.' That's all he had to say. We all felt bad. If it had been anybody else but Archie, we'd have thrown him out. But not Archie. We respect him too much. That dude never does anything wrong."

So on goes Archie Griffin, myth and man, on down the straight and narrow, down the practice field—40, 50, 60 yards, running out every play, top speed and straight into the end zone every time. And on he goes, taking classes in industrial management in the summer, pushing himself because of his father's disapproval of the many black athletes who fail to get their degrees. Ever the overachiever, this school year Archie Griffin will graduate one quarter *ahead* of his class. "Coach Hayes always says you either get better or you get worse," he says. "There's no in-between."

Loretta Laffitte can attest to that. At last report she claimed that since the afternoon of her big confession, Archie has not been late picking her up. **END**

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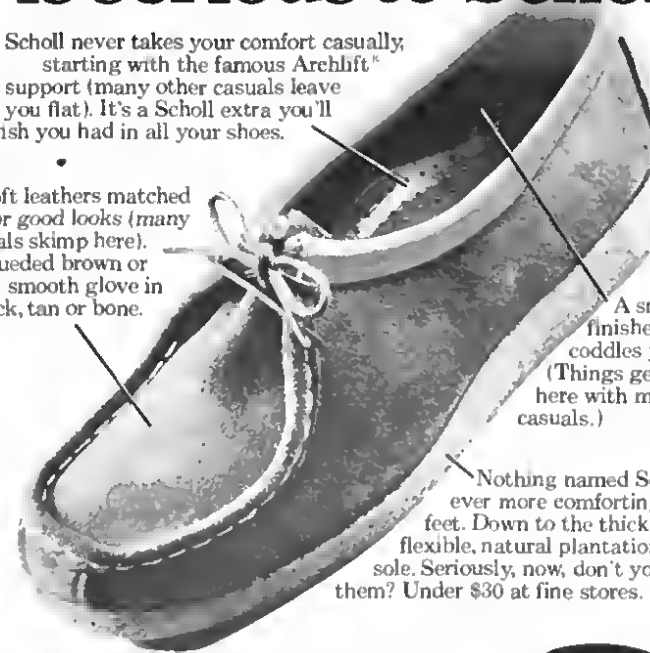
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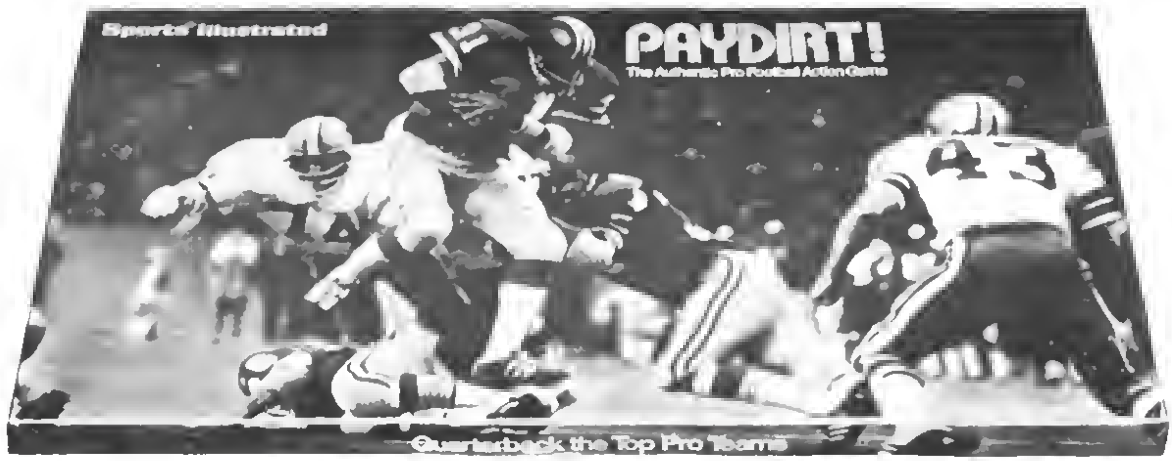
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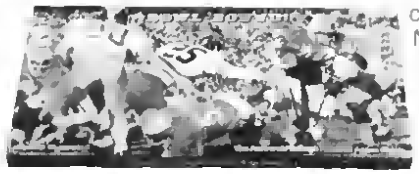
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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Aug. 25-30.

BOWLING—In the third roll-off in the 16-year history of the PBA, EARL ANTHONY of Tacoma, Wash. defeated Matt Surina by striking out in the extra two frames to win the Waukegan (Ill.) Open. The two had tied with scores of 257 at the end of regulation play. Anthony earned $5,000 for first place.

CYCLING—TRIJNTJE FOPMA of The Netherlands won the gold medal in the women's amateur road-race world championships in Mettet, Belgium. Defending titlist Genevieve Gambullen of France was second. Sue Novara of the U.S. placed sixth, five seconds behind the winner. ANDRE GEVERS, also of The Netherlands, won the gold in the men's amateur road race, beating Sweden's Sven-Ake Nilsson by two seconds. EDDY KUITIR of Holland won the men's professional road-race title. World champion Eddy Merckx failed to gain his fourth professional road title, finishing sixth.

PRO FOOTBALL—NFL: In the fourth week of a six-week exhibition schedule, Washington whipped the Detroit Lions 34–13, Quarterbacks Bill Kilmer and Randy Johnson pacing the Redskin attack with two touchdown passes apiece. Second-year Quarterback Mike Boryla threw two touchdown passes to Charlie Young and Harold Carmichael to lead the Philadelphia Eagles past Cincinnati 30–20. The New York Giants upended Pittsburgh 24–7, St. Louis beat San Diego 14–9, the Denver Broncos bucked off the Chicago Bears 13–0, and New England jostled Green Bay 20–17 in overtime. Dallas handed the Houston Oilers a 17–14 defeat, Kansas City lost to Los Angeles 14–6; the Baltimore Colts were defeated by New Orleans 27–3, Oakland knocked off San Francisco 40–21, and the N.Y. Jets beat Atlanta 16–13.

WFL: Southern California trampled the Philadelphia Bell 58–39 in Anaheim. Sun Wide Receiver Dave Williams grabbing a new league-record four touchdown passes, and teammate Anthony Davis, gaining 115 yards rushing, returned a kickoff 84 yards for a score and threw a 51-yard TD pass (*page 20*). The Charlotte Hornets rushed past the Jacksonville Express 33–14, Birmingham defeated Shreveport 21–8; Memphis quieted the Chicago Winds 31–7; and San Antonio stopped the Portland Thunder 22–0.

GOLF—FRED RIDLEY of Cypress Gardens, Fla. defeated Keith Fergus of Houston 2 up to win the 75th U.S. Amateur championship at the James River course of the Country Club of Virginia in Richmond. (*page 78*).

HARNESS RACING—Favorite BONEFISH, driven by Stanley Dancer, withstood a grueling four heats to win the 50th Hambletonian, nipping first-heat victor Yankee Bambino by a nose in a photo finish at Du Quoin (Ill.) State Fair. Bonefish covered the final mile in 2.02⅘, ensuring a world record of 8.01⅘ for a four-heat race (*page 16*).

HORSE RACING—LAND GIRL ($12), ridden by Jacinto Vasquez, won the 80th running of the $56,150 Gazelle Handicap by half a length over Horray Horray, at Belmont. The winning time for the 1⅛ miles was 1.49⅘.

ROWING—In an impressive display of power, East Germany stroked its way to gold medals in five of the eight heavyweight events at the world championships in Nottingham, England. The East Germans won the eights by a length over the Soviet Union (defending champion U.S. was fifth), won the coxed pairs and retained titles in the coxless pairs, coxless fours and quadruple sculls. PETER-MICHAEL KOLBE of West Germany triumphed in the single sculls, beating Ireland's Sean Drea by two lengths (*page 18*).

SOCCER—The U.S. failed to qualify for the Montreal Olympics, losing the North American Zone playoffs to Mexico by the two-game aggregate score of 12–2 in Wilmington, Del.

TENNIS—On the strength of Vitas Gerulaitis' play, Pittsburgh won the World Team Tennis championship, beating the San Francisco Golden Gaters 21–14 in the deciding third match in Pittsburgh.

Sweden's BJORN BORG successfully defended his U.S. Pro title with a 6–3, 6–4, 6–2 defeat of Guillermo Vilas of Argentina at Chestnut Hill, Mass. Borg picked up $16,000 for the win.

CHRIS EVERT smashed Virginia Wade 6–0, 6–1 for the singles title in the $75,000 Medi-Quik tournament in Harrison, N.Y. Evert's 75th straight clay-court victory. She won $14,000.

TRACK & FIELD—BRENDAN FOSTER of England ran the fastest 10,000 meters this year—27.45.3—at the Crystal Palace in London. Frank Shorter finished second in 27.45.91, the second-best clocking ever by an American. New Zealand's JOHN WALKER, the world-record holder in the mile, won his specialty in 3.53.62. Mike Boit of Kenya posted his best time ever in the event, to take second in 3.54.9. Rod Dixon of New Zealand was third in 3.55.3, and Marty Liquori of the U.S. came in fourth in 3.55.52.

World-record holder DWIGHT STONES cleared 7'5½" in the high jump to win the event at an international meet in Stuttgart, West Germany. He beat his closest competitor, Walter Boller of West Germany, by 4¾ inches.

The Bulgarian national team of NIKOLINA SHTEREVA, LILYANA TOMOVA, ROSITA PEKHLIVANOVA and SVETLA ZLATEVA bettered its own world record in the women's 4 X 800-meter relay by 3.4 seconds, being clocked in 8.05.2 in Sofia.

The day after his London mile, JOHN WALKER went to Goteborg, Sweden where he won the rarely contested 2,000-meter run in 4.56.8, failing to break the world record by .6 of a second. Michel Jazy of France, now retired, set the record nine years ago.

MILEPOSTS—INDUCTED: Into the Hockey Hall of Fame, GEORGE ARMSTRONG, high-scoring Toronto Maple Leaf rightwinger (1949-70), IRVINE (Ace) BAILEY, Leaf forward (1926-34), FRANK BUCKLAND, honored for his involvement in Canadian amateur hockey, GORDON DRILLON, Leaf forward who led the NHL in goals and points in 1937-38, GLENN H. HALL, NHL goalie for 18 seasons and 11 times an All-Star, WILLIAM M. JENNINGS, advocate and architect of NHL expansion; and PIERRE PILOTE, eight-time All-Star as a defenseman for Chicago (1955-68).

SOLD: The bankrupt ABA Memphis Sounds, to a group of Baltimore investors who will move the club to that city where it will be called the Hustlers. Purchase price was estimated at $1.5 million.

SOLD: The NHL Boston Bruins and Boston Garden by the Storer Broadcasting Corp. to Sportsystems, a Buffalo corporation, for an estimated $10 million.

TRADED: Veteran Guard DAVE BING, 31, from the Detroit Pistons to the Washington Bullets for 25-year-old Guard KEVIN PORTER. The Pistons also gave the Bullets their top draft choice in 1977. Bing, a two-time NBA All-Star in his nine seasons, was the team's alltime leading scorer, with 15,235 points, for a club-record average of 22.6 per game. Porter led the NBA in assists and had 152 steals last season.

DIED: BOBBY CRUICKSHANK, 80, member of the Golf Hall of Fame and winner of 20 professional tournaments from 1921 to 1953, in Delray Beach, Fla. Cruickshank won five tournaments in 1927, when he led the PGA money list with $17,800.

CREDITS

13—Heinz Kluetmeier, John Iacono (2); 14, 15—John Iacono; 24—Neil Leifer, Rich Clarkson, Tony Tomsic; 25—Rich Clarkson, Heinz Kluetmeier (2); 29—Jerry Cooke (2), Tomas Sennett, Heinz Kluetmeier; 30, 31—Stephen Green-Armytage (4), Melchior DiGiacomo, Anthony Edgeworth (2), Jerry Cooke, Tomas Sennett; 32, 33—Heinz Kluetmeier (3), Tomas Sennett, Jerry Cooke, Michael Hirst; 34—Jerry Cooke, Tomas Sennett, Anthony Edgeworth (2); 76—Herb Scharfman; 82, 83—Walter Iooss Jr.; 82—Neil Leifer; 85—Rich Clarkson; 95—James C. Howard, David Ashley.

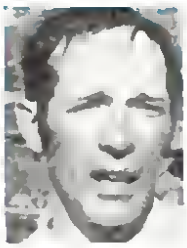
FACES IN THE CROWD



JACKIE SHARBOROUGH, 6, of the Vicksburg, Miss. swim team, set 24 state age-group records at distances from 25 yards to 50 meters in freestyle, back, breaststroke, butterfly and individual medley. She also won her team high-point trophy for 8-and-under girls.



GERARD COLEMAN, 17, competing for the Larchmont (N.Y.) Yacht Club, won the junior sailing championship of Long Island Sound, skippering a Fireball to four firsts and a second. Coleman had previously won the New York Yacht Club's junior regatta.



BILL WALKER, 38, a Detroit truck driver, set an American record of 8:37:57.5 in the 50-mile walk. The old mark of 8:47:17 was recorded in 1966. The versatile Walker was American and Canadian lightweight double sculls champion in 1956-57 and 1960-61.



JAMES HARTUNG, 15, of Omaha, Neb., won the side horse, the parallel bars and vaulting events to take the overall championship in the senior boys (15-18 years) gymnastic competition during the National AAU Multisport Junior Olympics meet in Ithaca, N.Y.



KENDRA SMITH, 18, of Salt Lake City, led her team to a 16-0 record in the Western Boys Baseball Association. Her three-year record is 48-4 as the only female coach in the league. She will attend College of Eastern Utah on its first woman's athletic scholarship.



REGINALD SHAMBERGER, from Carmichael, Calif., won the heavyweight division for 9-year-olds at both the U.S. Judo Association tournament in Decatur, Ill. and the U.S. Judo Federation championships in Denver. Reggie has competed for 2½ years.



19TH HOLE
THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

MISSED METS

Sir:

Six pages about baseball's most exciting and most evenly balanced division, the National League East (*The Bucs Stop Here?* Aug. 25), and not one word about the New York Mets. What gives?

BILL SEAMON

Bridgeport, Conn.

Sir:

I am overwhelmed by your overlooking the Mets. In the past (1969, 1973) they have proved that they can come from behind and win in the clutch. At this writing they are only five games behind with a month left in the season.

JAMES SAVENELLI

New Haven, Conn.

HIGH HOPES

Sir:

Few sportswriters have ever been able to capture the sense of "Packerism" that is in the blood of every Wisconsinite. But Edwin Shrake (*A Fresh Start with Bart*, Aug. 25) showed the down-to-earth ways of a legendary football team that won, and will win, with vigor yet supreme modesty.

Bart Starr will maintain this tradition.

DICK MUELLER

Winneconne, Wis.

Sir:

Great dynasties never die, they just get interrupted.

LARRY MANSCH

Slayton, Minn.

RIORDAN AND DELL

Sir:

Curry Kirkpatrick's story on Bill Riordan and Donald Dell (*By Hook or by Crook*, Aug. 25) was very good. There are, however, a few things I would like to point out.

If Dell and Riordan were to disappear today I am sure tennis would survive and probably continue on its youthful course (remember, open tennis is only seven years old).

There are thousands of people who daily are contributing great amounts of time and energy to professional tennis; they just aren't interested in continually letting everyone know they are around.

I am proud of my 1973 Davis Cup record. In the article it was stated that Rod Laver and I played only in the final round. In March and April of that year I played Davis Cup against Japan and India. In India we spent 12 days training under armed guard because of a death threat against us. Laver joined the team for the semifinal and final, as did Ken Rosewall.

JOHN NEWCOMAE

New Braunfels, Texas

Sir:

The Aug. 25 issue of SI stated that I was party to an agreement that prohibited Jimmy Connors from entering the 1974 French National Championship Tournament. That statement is totally false and has absolutely no basis in fact. I was not party to any such agreement. Indeed, prior to the French tournament, the Grand Prix Committee adopted, at my specific urging, and in the presence of the French tournament director, a resolution condemning bans against players.

DONALD L. DELL

Washington, D.C.

● Mr. Dell is entirely correct. SI regrets its error.—ED.

WILLIAM E. MILLER

Sir:

I enjoyed the article on Hervé Filion (*Once More, with Filion*, Aug. 11) as I enjoy all your coverage of harness racing.

However, I assume Sam Moses' allusion to the "comparative obscurity" of William E. Miller was a reference to Barry Goldwater's running mate in 1964 (no relation), rather than to my grandfather, who was the foremost amateur horseman of his era.

Personally training and driving his own stable, the latter William E. Miller was one of the leading drivers at Roosevelt Raceway in 1942 and the leading percentage driver in the country in 1949. He died at 75 of a heart attack suffered while he was leading the field in a race at the Delaware State Fair in 1954.

In addition, my grandfather was the founder and president of Rosecroft Raceway, a night harness track built on his breeding farm near Washington, D.C.

WILLIAM E. MILLER II

Winchester, Va.

GREYHOUNDS AND RABBITS

Sir:

After reading Dan Geringer's article *They're Making o Killing* (Aug. 11), I had to give our pet greyhound, retired from racing three years ago, a new name—Killer. Of course, Lucky doesn't know she's a killer, nor do the squirrels that share peanuts with her on the patio, or the cat next door, which

continued

"Turn one at Indy isn't much. It's just gettin' through it that's hard."

By A. J. Foyt



"To a race driver, it sometimes seems like everybody in the world has something to say about the Indy '500.' Which is all fine. Except, you can't really know that race until you've driven it. And you don't know what driving it is like until you move into that first turn.

"Now, to look at it, turn one at Indy isn't much. It's just gettin' through it that's hard. Particularly on the first lap when all the cars are coming down like a herd of longhorns tryin' to get position.

"You drive into it hearin' everything. The crowd. The



gears. Even the tires wearing. Now, at the end of the pit wall, you turn the wheel to the left until the nose comes around and you get a good line on the inside of the track. Then you hit the throttle, turn right, and wait for the torque to catch up with you. You're drifting a little, and the strain is tremendous.

"Halfway through the turn, you stand on the throttle again and drive back down toward the infield. You come out of it running 170, 180, maybe, and you settle the nose.

"Don't let anybody dog you that it's easy. It's not. And, you've got 199 more times to do it that afternoon. But, the point is, with all that to think about, you want your engine running like heavy cream. That's the last thing you want to think about. And that's why I do all my racing on Valvoline® Racing Oil. Because I know it's going to protect that engine."

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invariably winds up as the chaser rather than the chasee in their continuing game.

If greyhounds really need to be trained on raw meat, a piece of liver on a moving pole would do nicely. Expert opinion tends to agree that the fake rabbit which racing dogs follow around the track is there for the benefit of the bettors rather than the dogs, who would just as soon follow an old glove, as long as it moves.

Greyhounds make marvelous pets, as anyone who owns one will testify. They may not be too smart, but they're gentle, affectionate and tractable. As for them always remaining killers, Mr. Geringer should note that when the recent owners' strike ended at Flagler track in Miami, the dogs had to be retrained. They had forgotten in a few weeks that they were killers and were supposed to go after the rabbit.

DONALD K. BALDWIN
Temple Terrace, Fla.

Sir:

We raise Salukis. Our puppies also course game by instinct. But they will instinctively chase rabbit lures without ever killing a live rabbit. I suggest that greyhound trainers would have equal success running their young dogs with a freshly killed rabbit as bait. The rabbit would be killed humanely, before the dogs could sink their teeth into the carcass as a reward for their chase. The public would thus be mollified and greyhound racing could not be accused of cruelty to rabbits.

PAULETTE MEYER
Eureka, Calif.

Sir:

We in California who have been working for the legalization of pari-mutuel greyhound racing were dismayed and appalled by your article on the rabbit-killing situation in Florida. We are the proponents of a ballot initiative in California that would make it a crime to use any live animal in the training of a racing greyhound and would outlaw the willful destruction of a healthy greyhound when his racing career is over.

These are archaic practices that are no longer necessary or acceptable. Modern greyhound racing should be the most humane of any sport involving animals. The dogs today are trained by mechanical means, such as the Jack-A-Lure, which makes the use of live rabbits cumbersome, expensive and obsolete.

GEORGE G. HARDIE
President
Golden State Greyhound Association
Sacramento

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